

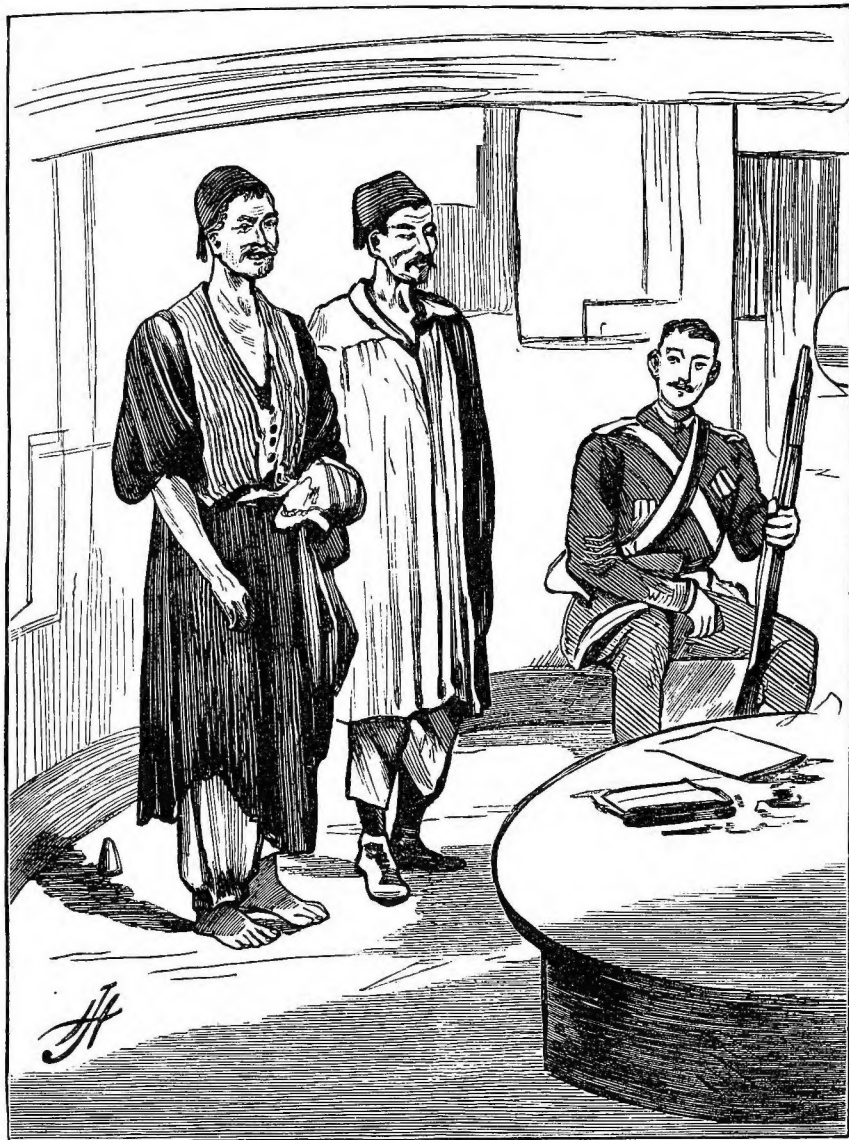
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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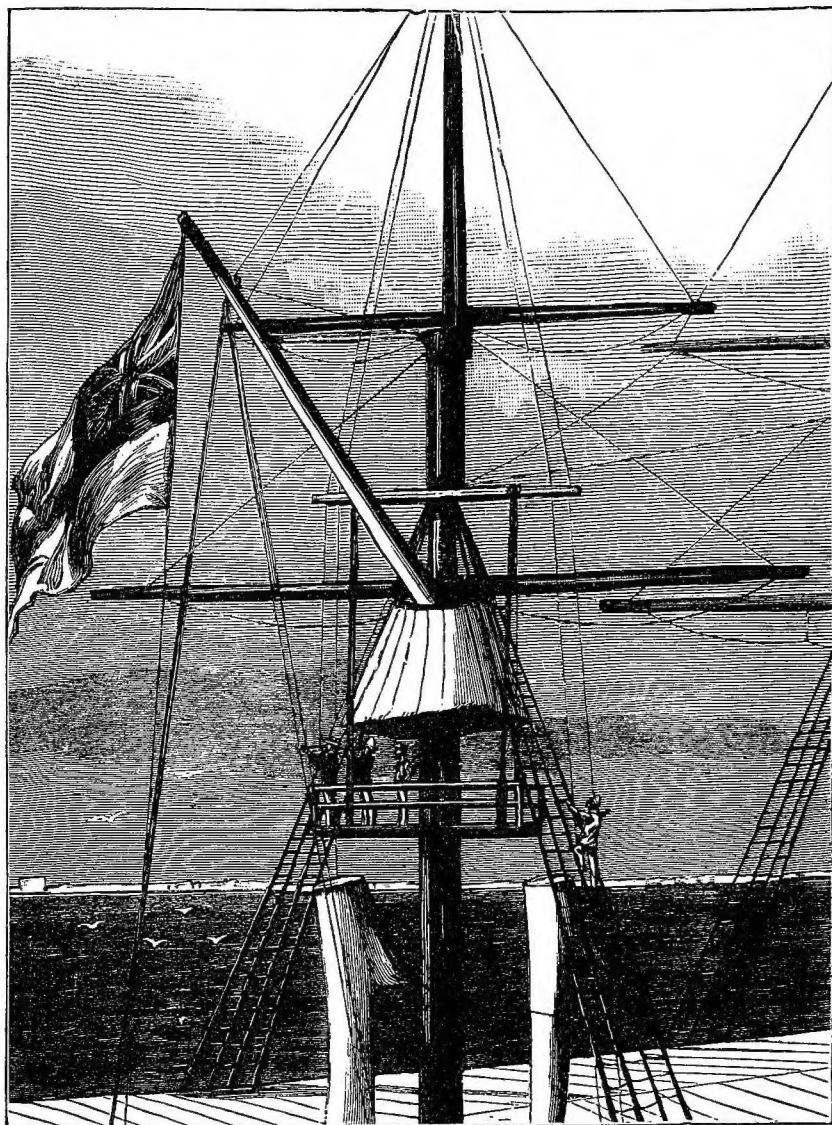
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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ON BOARD H.M.S. "SEAGULL"—THE FIRST PRISONERS BROUGHT IN AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT AT CHALOUF, AUG. 20

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



THE LOOK-OUT PERCH ON BOARD H.M.S. "MINOTAUR" IN ABOUKIR BAY
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

"Iberia"
"Batavia"

"Rhosina"
"Nerissa"

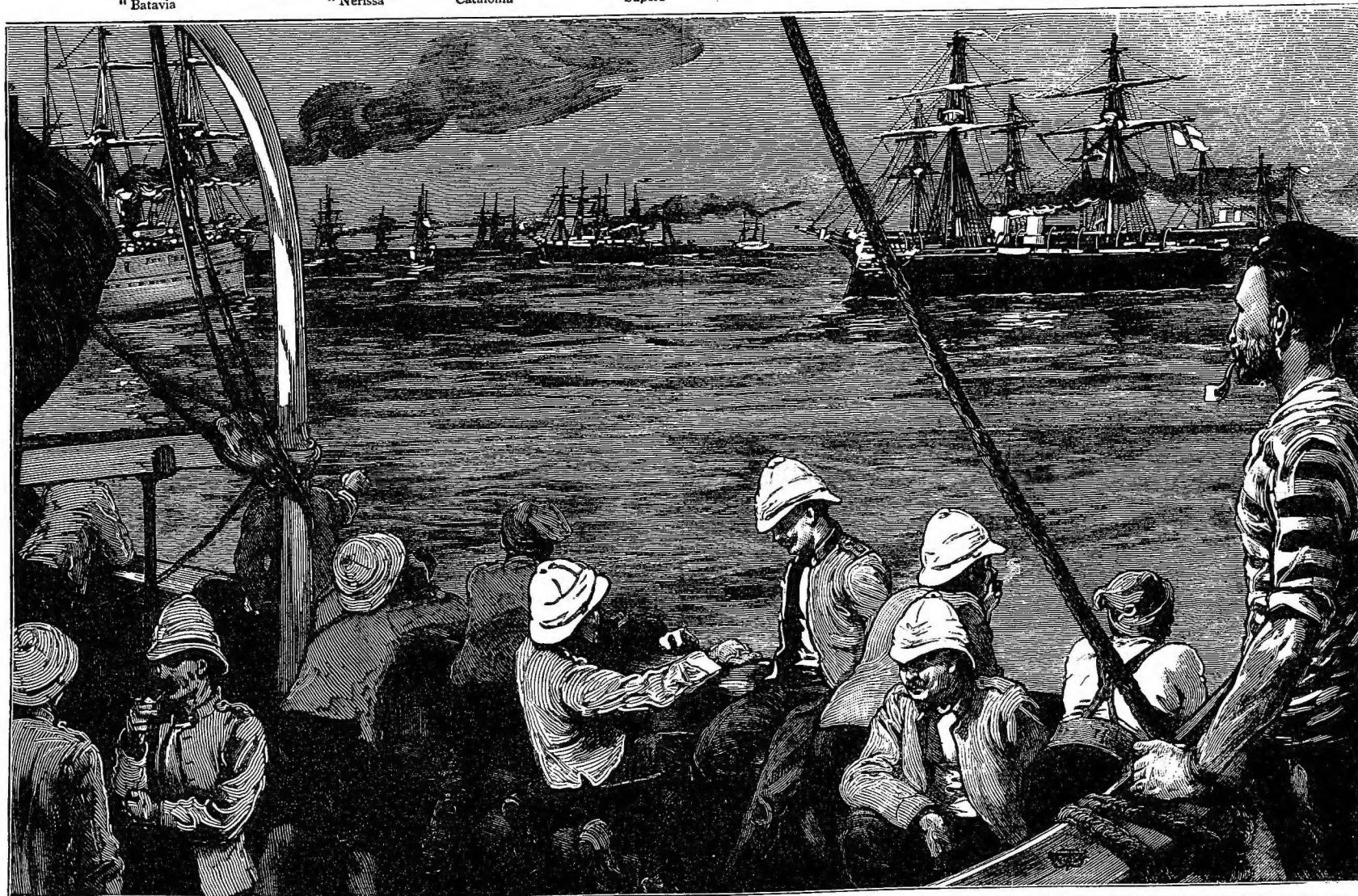
"Euphrates"
"Catalonia"

"Orient"

"Superb"

"Nevada"

"Téméraire"



THE OCCUPATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL: WITH THE GRENADIER GUARDS ON BOARD THE "BATAVIA": BRITISH WAR VESSELS AND TRANSPORTS LEAVING ALEXANDRIA, AUG. 19

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

THE WAR IN EGYPT

Topics of the Week

EGYPT.—At the beginning of the campaign in Egypt it was hoped that the rebellion would be put down by a series of swift and crushing blows. As usual, however, much delay has been caused by the imperfection of our transport arrangements, and all the world has been expressing surprise that in this respect we have profited so little by past experience. Fortunately, Sir Garnet Wolseley is not easily discouraged; and he has laboured so effectually to overcome the difficulties with which he has had to contend that he will probably soon be in a position to attack the entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir. Nobody now supposes that his task will be an easy one. In the engagement at Kassassin the enemy gave decisive proof of courage and resource, and it is said that Arabi has found means to strengthen his hold over the fellaheen, who fancy that the object of the English is to deprive them of their lands. But, whatever may be the opposition offered to our troops, there can be no sort of doubt as to the result of the campaign; and it is possible that there will be little serious resistance after Tel-el-Kebir has been captured. There is less certainty as to the direction of European opinion regarding the ultimate settlement of the Egyptian question. In the meantime influential Frenchmen content themselves with the expression of their conviction that England will respect the interests of France; but they do not attempt to define how far these interests may be fairly supposed to extend. Italy, although moderating the manifestations of her dissatisfaction, is still bitter and suspicious; and Russia insists that, notwithstanding our intervention, the right of devising a final solution belongs, not to England, but to Europe. As for Germany and Austria, they maintain a discreet silence, being apparently resolved to regulate their policy in accordance with the course of events rather than with preconceived theories. If England had aims which conflicted with those of other nations, the situation would be full of peril; but as she asks nothing for herself that would be injurious to her neighbours and rivals, we may reasonably anticipate that our country will be as successful in diplomacy as it is likely to be in war. The frankness displayed by the English Government in the negotiations with Turkey ought to have a considerable effect in dissipating any lingering doubts about the honesty of our intentions.

THE DUBLIN POLICE.—The strike of the Dublin police and the treatment of it by Lord Spencer will have shown guardians of order everywhere that they may not behave themselves as if they were ordinary artisans. It is no doubt hard upon any body of men that they should not be allowed to appraise their services as they choose, and attempt to get their price for them, in the usual way. But in entering "the force" they have to make up their minds that, as theirs is an industry which cannot very well be carried from market to market, they must trust to exceptional periods of good conduct for putting up their wages. If that is a difficult condition they are able to balance with it the consideration that in their employment there is much peripatetic dignity, not a few perquisites, and abundant fresh air, things which are denied to strikers who stand at furnaces or go down pits. It is doubtful whether these reflections would have helped the Irish force to contentment had not Lord Spencer shown the malcontents that the chief end of a policeman is not to strike, under any set of temptations, and particularly when the state of the country makes their services of exceptional value. It might have been a perilous policy for a Lord-Lieutenant to adopt; but the swift response of the Orangemen to act as special constables, and the immediate change of front among the strikers, have more than justified his severity. At the same time, it is to be hoped the unfortunate policemen will be allowed to resume their uniform in every instance where "sedition" has not been detected. There is little doubt that, like some Irish regiments, they have been tampered with by the National party; and the constant pressure of a popular opinion of that sort in their homes and families could hardly help telling on them.

MR. GEORGE'S SCHEME.—It is difficult to believe that the ideas of Mr. George regarding the nationalisation of the land will ever become popular in this country. Even in Ireland, although recommended by the support of Mr. Davitt, they have met with anything but a favourable reception; and proposals which are considered too revolutionary by Irishmen are not likely to commend themselves to the present generation of Englishmen. Mr. George's scheme has attracted so much attention in America, however, that it cannot be overlooked on this side of the Atlantic; and it is fortunate that he has had an opportunity of expounding it to an English audience. When the plan was set forth by Mr. Davitt, we were assured that, of course, the dispossessed landlords would be compensated; but, to Mr. George, this seems a reactionary notion. He would evict all landlords forthwith, and let them console themselves with the reflection that their class has enjoyed the fruits of robbery for a very long time. This policy has at least as good a claim as the policy of Strafford to be called "thorough;" but Mr. George would probably admit that consideration of the question of compensation may be postponed until it has been decided whether the land ought to be "nationalised" or not. So far, he has presented

only very lame arguments in defence of his general doctrine. If it were proposed that all property should be held in common, he would at least be advancing an intelligible theory; but he has offered no solid reason why one particular kind of property should be selected for Socialistic treatment. To say that land is limited in quantity is not enough, for the same is true of all classes of commodities for which men are willing to give anything in exchange. We are reminded that the products of the land are essential to human existence; but that proves nothing unless it can be shown that landowners wish to withdraw the land from cultivation. Would land be more productive if it were owned by the State? Would nations profit by the vast increase of red-tapeism which would be the necessary accompaniment of so tremendous a development of the functions of Governments? Such questions as these immediately suggest themselves; but we do not find that Mr. George and his friends have hitherto made any serious effort to answer them.

COAL.—The Miners' Conference has come to the conclusion that a general strike will be a good thing for the wages of the men engaged in the industry. The delegates have thus realised the worst anticipations. It was hoped that the advice of Mr. Burt, the President, would have due weight with them. But he made the unpalatable announcement that a strike, on the magnitude proposed, would be "wild, chimerical, and impracticable," and his advice has been overruled. The truth is that Mr. Burt's influence is somewhat on the wane. Unlike the Highland leader of the miners to whom a statue is being raised at Durham, he has not got the sustained faculty of making himself disagreeable in Parliamentary circles. His power of compromise, and his aptitude for getting on with the classes who own the industries of the country, have given to other delegates, with coarser gifts, a larger measure of influence for the time. The result is that, within a few weeks, the coal fields of England will probably cease to produce. It must be said for the miners that, as yet, the masters have given them no chance of discussing the situation. Their objection to sitting down at the same table with the delegates, and of comparing their own profits with the demands for increased wages made by the miners, has not been overcome. Nor does there seem to be any chance of a compromise previous to a general strike. The effect upon the price of coal has already appeared; the Micawbers of the trade are already improving the shining hour and putting money in their purses. There is still, however, time for the masters to consider the situation, and it is to be hoped, when they are discussing their lock-out, that they will remember the public interest. The public, they may be certain, if they have no sympathy with piano and champagne aspirations, are not willing to face a famine. The Miners' Conference should also take note that in these days of rapid transport, with great Eastern populations in surfeit, the masters may have some surprise in store for them.

SOBRIETY IN ENGLAND.—The "high jinks" of teetotalism are apt to be a little dull, but at the festival in celebration of the jubilee of the teetotal movement, the members of the various temperance societies managed to express a vast amount of sincere and hearty rejoicing. Their mutual congratulations were fully justified by facts. A walk in the streets of London at night would unfortunately suffice to convince any one who might doubt whether drunkenness is still a common vice; but we may at least say that it is far less common than it was even a few years ago. If we compare the national habits in this respect with those which existed fifty years ago, the change is perceived to be still more remarkable. At that time drunkenness was hardly considered disgraceful by the well-off classes, and it was not to be expected that the labouring population generally would have more advanced ideas on the subject than their "betters." Now there are few persons of any rank or society so degraded as not to know that intemperance in drinking is (at any rate in theory) to be condemned; and the best evidence as to the effect of this knowledge on practice is to be found in the circumstance that the revenue from wine and spirits is steadily falling off. Teetotalers have a natural tendency to exaggerate the effect of their own labours in the production of these results. That their societies have done much for classes who could not have been reached by any other kind of organisation it would be unfair to dispute; but still more has been done by the extension of education, and the gradual improvement in the outward position of working men. Fortunately these causes are still in operation, and we have a right to expect that they will have greater effects in future than any we have yet known. It is, perhaps, going too far to hope that anybody now alive will survive to see England one of the soberest nations in the world; but in these days revolutions are accomplished swiftly, if not silently.

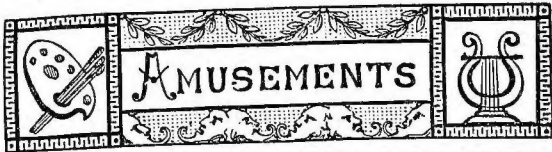
THE YELLOW FLAG.—Perhaps there is nothing a shore doctor enjoys more in a Mediterranean port than to deny "pratique" to an English ship. Every one who has been in a Mediterranean harbour knows how suspiciously he sniffs at the bill of health with his fumigated tongs, and how he glares from his boat at robust Englishmen, in the hope of detecting quarantine symptoms among them. But only those who have been obliged to walk about for a fortnight beneath the yellow flag, within sight of an Eastern city, because a pantry boy has taken an overdose of marmalade or a foremast hand has chewed himself into debility, know

how vexatious and unjust are quarantine restrictions. That they are not always so frivolous we admit. But they frequently are, and there is nothing in the state of public health at Aden or Bombay to have justified the Sanitary Commissioners of Egypt in compelling ships entering the Suez Canal from the East to undergo quarantine. To keep the crowd of vessels of all nationalities which pass through the Canal on any ordinary week waiting the verdict of the gentlemen with the tongs would at any time be a serious matter. It is greatly more so at present, since it would necessarily complicate the operations of war now going on. The members of the Commission could hardly have supposed that serious attention would be paid to their regulations; but the military necessity to ignore them has had an immediate effect. The Spanish authorities are redoubling their vigilance at all their ports, and it is likely that other Mediterranean Powers will find it convenient to harass English ships, on the ground of suspected cases of cholera, fever, or plague. As yet, however, reports from the seats of infection in the East seem to show no greater epidemic than is usual for the time of year.

A GREAT CATALOGUE.—In an excellent paper read before the Libraries Association the other day, Mr. Garnett gave some interesting information respecting the printing of the British Museum Catalogue. The subject began to be discussed about half a century ago, and a volume of the proposed catalogue was actually printed in 1841. The arrangements for the undertaking were, however, inadequate, and it had to be suspended. Thanks to the energy of Mr. Bond, the Principal Librarian, and of the trustees, better preparations have since been made, and now the printing has been begun in earnest. If the progress of the work depended exclusively on the officials of the Museum, it might be completed, according to Mr. Garnett, before the close of the nineteenth century; but the rate of advance must be determined in accordance with the liberality of the Treasury; and at present the grant made by the Treasury does not permit of the printing of more than fifty manuscript volumes a year. If this state of things continued, the entire catalogue would not be in print for forty years. Mr. Garnett appealed to the public to support the demand for more rapid results; and from at least one class of the community his appeal is certain to meet with an enthusiastic response. We mean, of course, the class which makes frequent use of the Reading Room of the British Museum. A better reading room does not exist, and its advantages are rendered doubly valuable by the unfailing courtesy of Mr. Garnett himself and his subordinates. The chief drawback of the institution is the vast manuscript catalogue. If the student looks for the title of a book on a subject which has been largely discussed, he finds himself lost in a forest of names; and his capacity for work is not improved by the restless impatience with which he turns page after page. The sorrows of this class may not, perhaps, seem of much importance to the authorities at the Treasury; but some impression ought surely to be produced by the fact that what is really asked is that "the twentieth century shall start with a practically complete register of the most valuable literature of all preceding centuries." It is not often that a Government department has an opportunity of doing so much genuine good at so slight a cost.

A MAORI ARISTOCRACY.—The three Maori chiefs who have just been visiting London, though they did not get an audience of the Queen, cannot be said to have done their business badly. They came from New Zealand to represent the 40,000 survivors of their oppressed race, whose land is growing narrower from year to year under the influence of English colonisation. Their aim was to find some means of securing such a market for their territory as would permit them to have some money in hand when the expenses of conveyancing were paid. For it has happened that colonists buying Maori land have remembered the good old times when the barrel of a Brown Bess would buy a mountain; and they have cut down Maori profits to as close an approximation to the older system of exchange as the laws would allow them. What the chiefs have been able to do is to get a scheme seriously considered by which ten million acres of their land will be taken over by an English Agency, sold to settlers at from eight to forty shillings an acre, the profits to be invested to a large extent in "permanent inalienable securities." The supposition is that two hundred thousand acres of land will fall into the Agency's hand each year, until the whole is absorbed. In the mean time, it is anticipated that Colonial "land-sharks" will greatly oppose the scheme. That there should be some opposition is not surprising. The Maori race, though comparatively civilised in the present generation, are only one remove from an aggravated kind of savagery. If they are pensioned off, they will doubtless settle down as the only quite leisurely class of the large towns. They will, in fact, if the scheme succeeds, be an aristocracy raised up from the dregs of the population of the islands, the only class in New Zealand beyond the necessity of labour. There may be something philanthropic in thus placing them, for Lord Shaftesbury is one of the sympathisers of the scheme. From their previous habits and tendencies, however, it is to be expected that the "inalienable annuities," instead of supporting them in respectable leisure, would only lead to a paradise of rum. In the mean time "the sharks" would have congratulated themselves that money was taken into the colony, that the Maories had been civilised away, and that the land was all English.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the NUMBER of SKETCHES which we are receiving from OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS and from OFFICERS at the SEAT of WAR in EGYPT, a SUPPLEMENT, consisting of TWO EXTRA PAGES of ENGRAVINGS, is ISSUED WITH THIS NUMBER.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 252 and 261.



LYCEUM.—ROMEO AND JULIET, THIS EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight. 13th Performance. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling. Box Office, Mr. Hurst, Open Daily, 10 to 5.

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SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW, "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Walney. "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.—Rosa Bonheur's Wonderful Picture, "THE LION AT HOME," was exhibited to Her Majesty the Queen.

BY EXPRESS DESIRE.—Rosa Bonheur's Superb Painting was Exhibited to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.—"The Lion at Home" will remain on view for a few days longer at the CITY OF LONDON FINE ART GALLERY.—GLADWELL BROTHERS, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Admission One Shilling. 10 to 6. Saturdays, 10 to 4.

VOLUNTEER MOUNTED INFANTRY.—It is proposed to organize a Regiment of MOUNTED VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, Head Quarters to be in London. Further particulars can be obtained by communicating with LIEUTENANT-COLONEL V.M.I., care of "Volunteer Service Gazette," 121, Fleet Street.

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(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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THE WAR IN EGYPT

THE ACTION AT CHALOUF—JULY 20

ON Sunday, August 20th, when the Suez Canal was occupied by the British, a sharp action took place between a detachment of 150 of the 72nd or Seaforth Highlanders, aided by seamen and marines from H.M.S. *Seagull* and *Mosquito*, under Captain Hastings, R.N., and Colonel Jones, and a body of the enemy at Chalouf, a station on the Canal, about thirteen miles from Suez. The enemy were 500 strong, but were defeated and driven off after a sharp skirmish, forty-eight prisoners being captured, together with one small cannon and quantities of arms, ammunition, and stores. On the arrival of our troops no enemy was at first to be seen, but it was found that the Egyptians had succeeded the previous night in blowing up the dam of the Sweet-Water Canal, which supplies Suez with fresh water. The water was running into the navigable canal, and forming a shoal, which would have rendered it impossible for ships to pass. The Marines vainly endeavoured to stop the overflow on the 20th August, and on the 21st and 22nd August two companies of Madras Sappers were sent, with better success, as depicted in our artist's sketch. When our troops landed on the 20th the enemy showed their presence by firing from ambush, the country around being a natural fortress, presenting several ridges running parallel to the Canal, besides various watercourses. The Egyptians, however, were promptly saluted with a hail of shot from the Gatlings and seven-pounders mounted on the fore and maintops of the *Seagull* and *Mosquito*, which, as our illustration shows, were defended by armour plates and sand-bags. Then the Highlanders were landed, and directed a sharp fusillade upon the enemy who were concealed behind a sand ridge. For three hours did the fight continue without the Arabs being dislodged, until, thanks to the gallantry of Lieutenant Lang, who, by swimming across the Canal, seized a boat, ferried his men over, and took the enemy in flank, the Egyptians were compelled to make their first retreat. Then the rout became general. The British loss amounted to two Highlanders drowned while crossing the Canal, two wounded, and two men of the *Seagull* wounded. The enemy's loss amounted to 100 killed. The prisoners, some of whom were severely wounded, were all taken on board the British vessels—those on board the *Seagull* being most kindly treated, much to their evident astonishment, tea, biscuit, and cigarettes being supplied to them galore. They seemed deeply grateful, and mainly declared that they were compelled to fight by Arabi under pain of death. The wounded were carefully attended by Dr. Mackinnon, of the *Mosquito*, their wounds—especially those caused by the Gatlings—being of a terrible description. Those depicted in our sketch, who were brought to Suez by Mr. Eyre in the *Sphinx* tug-boat, lay on the field of battle some forty-eight hours before being found.

The dead showed wounds of the same nature, and, according to a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, were found to be exceedingly well equipped, some of their kits being of a sumptuous description, neat little knapsacks, better water-bottles than ours, cambric handkerchiefs, praying carpets, and other luxuries.

THE LOOK-OUT PERCH ON THE "MINOTAUR"

THE *Minotaur* has been stationed in Aboukir Bay in order to keep a careful watch upon the forts, which have been greatly strengthened by Arabi's troops under cover of the white flag of truce. This they have constantly kept flying in order to secure immunity from any hostile movement. In order to ascertain what the Egyptians were really doing, the officers of the *Minotaur* maintained a close look-out upon their proceedings. For this purpose a perch was erected on the after or fifth mast of the vessel—where, in our sketch, Admiral Dowell, the flag-captain, and the signalman are represented. The *Minotaur* has since done more active work in shelling a new earthwork thrown up at Mandara.

TROOP-SHIPS LEAVING ALEXANDRIA

ON August 19th Sir Garnet Wolesey executed his first movement. Sailing with the transport ships from Alexandria, ostensibly for a landing at Aboukir, he only spent a few hours in that bay, the Fleet slipping away for Port Said as soon as it was dark. Our sketch, by one of our special artists, who was on board the *Batavia* with the Grenadier Guards, represents the transports leaving Alexandria. In all the fleet comprised twenty-six vessels. In addition to the transports with the Guards and Household Cavalry, Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Artillery, 60th Rifles, Shropshire Light Infantry, field hospitals, and bearer companies, the Fleet sailing east comprised seven ironclads, the *Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Agincourt*, *Northumberland*, *Minotaur*, *Superb*, and *Sultan*. Sir Garnet Wolesey was on board the *Salamis*, Admiral Seymour on board the *Helicon*, and the Duke of Connaught on the *Orient*. Another sketch shows the *Batavia* entering the Suez Canal on the following morning in company with her fellows; the French, Dutch, Spanish, and other men-of-war watching the procession. Their passage to Ismailia was subsequently delayed by the grounding of the *Catalonia*, the Canal Company having refused to supply pilots to the Fleet. In the evening, however, Ismailia was duly reached, and others of our sketches depict the landing of the Marines in a lighter from the *Rhosina*, and the road from the landing stage, with the Marines marching up after their landing.

PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMI

THIS young Prince, whose recent request to Lord Granville to serve in the Egyptian Expedition has been declined, is the fourth son of the ex-Khedive Ismail and the Princess Djenanar. He was born in 1859, and, having as governor the late Major-General MacLean of the Indian Army, English was the first language he learned to speak. In 1869 he accompanied his father on his visit to England, and in 1874, when the late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz paid an inaugural visit to Ismail Pasha's Palace of Emighian on the Bosphorus, the Sultan honoured the young Prince by creating him a Mushir (Field Marshal), and decorating him with the Order of the Osmanieh in brilliants. These distinctions were due to the wish of the Sultan to marry the Prince to his only daughter, the Sultana Saliheh. In fact, the Prince was already called "son-in-law" by the inhabitants of the Palace of Beshiktash. These matrimonial projects came to nothing through the Sultan's fall and death.

As Ismail Pasha had always evinced a strong liking for England, and for English education in particular, he determined that his favourite son should finish his military education in this country. Given his choice between cavalry and infantry, the lad selected the artillery as the branch of the service which he would prefer to study, thus showing that he did not shirk hard work. Consequently, in 1877, he again came to England, and remained some months in London, preparing for Woolwich Academy, under the guidance of Capt. Loraine, R.A., who is now in Egypt in command of one of our batteries. In 1878 he entered Woolwich, remaining there until August, 1880, when he came out fourteenth out of fifty-nine. He was thus entitled to a commission in the artillery, but not being a subject of

Her Majesty he could not take up his brevet—a great disappointment both to himself and his father, who was most anxious that Prince Ibrahim should be attached for some years to Her Majesty's army. During the past few years he has remained during part of the year with his father at Naples, spending the remainder in travelling about Europe.

On the outbreak of the disorders in Egypt the Prince volunteered his services to his brother the Khedive, with whom he has always been on the most friendly terms, but his offer was declined. He accordingly asked the British Government for permission to be attached to the Expeditionary Force—a request which Lord Granville, after communicating with the Egyptian Government, has refused. —Our portrait is from a photograph by Raffaello Ferretti, Naples.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF MAHUTA, AUGUST 25

THIS sketch, from a military officer, shows the disposition of the British forces during the engagement of Mahuta. The previous day Sir Garnet Wolesey had advanced from Ismailia, and encountering the enemy about seven miles westward between Magfar and Mahuta, took possession of a dam, constructed on the Canal by the Arabs. This was the object of the expedition; but, despite the fact that the British force was infinitely inferior to the enemy, Sir Garnet Wolesey determined to remain in his position. Two field guns, under Lieutenant Hickman, did good service in replying to the overwhelming artillery force of the Egyptians, while the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Hallam Parr, 13th Foot, was stated by General Wolesey to have been "handled admirably." In the evening reinforcements arrived, and by the morning Sir Garnet Wolesey had at his disposal the 1st Division, and all the English Cavalry Brigade, with sixteen guns. The enemy also had withdrawn from their strongly entrenched position at Mahuta, and subsequently General Willis who, as on the previous day, was in command of the troops, succeeded, with the help of Colonel Drury Lowe and his Cavalry Brigade, in turning the enemy's flank and capturing their camp at Mahameh, taking five Krupp guns and seventy-five railway carriages laden with provisions, the Egyptians retreating all along the line. "The position," writes the officer who has sent us the sketch, "where the staff are shown, was very strongly occupied by the enemy a few hours before, but they retreated rapidly as we approached, our guns evidently frightened them greatly, as we never got within rifle range the whole time. On the right of the staff the railway line was blocked and the wire cut, while the canal was similarly dealt with on the left, both being done in a most masterly manner. All the fortifications were also thrown up so well that no one could doubt they had European engineers with them. Our force was about 4,000 to 5,000, whilst the enemy must have had 8,000. Several casualties occurred, but not many were killed on our side. There were, however, a few cases of sunstroke, none of which turned out fatally. Our shell must have told on the enemy, as occasionally we came across human feet showing out of the sand, telling that the Egyptians had buried their dead as rapidly as possible.

"Our men behaved splendidly, the artillery on the right keeping up a very heavy and effective fire, and advancing with great rapidity. A quantity of arms and ammunition fell into our hands."

THE HIGHLAND CAMP AT RAMLEH

"THE Highland camp at Ramleh," writes the officer who sent us the sketch, "is situated about five miles from the town of Alexandria. The sketch is taken from a house on the seashore, which is at present used as the post for the left picket of the British force now facing Arabi's position at Kafr-Dowar and Aboukir. In this house the officers of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry (late 74th Highlanders) are at present located for messing purposes, where they have established a scratch apology for a mess. At the top of the sketch I have indicated the various companies of the respective regiments of the Highland Brigade commanded by Sir Archibald Alison, K.C.B., also the principal buildings. At the bottom of the sketch is depicted the top of the wall which surrounds the picket-house above described. On the top of this house at night time a powerful electric light is brought to bear on Arabi's position. The house is in a state of defence with sand-bags, &c. Arabi's position lies about three miles to the left of the spot where the sketch was taken; his tents and working parties are easily discernible from the top of this house. Arabi's scouts approach this house by day and night, coming in often as close to it as about 800 yards; they, however, soon disperse when fired on by the pickets, which are posted in houses to the left (not shown in the sketch). In the right-hand bottom corner of the sketch is depicted an officer of the 2nd Battalion Light Infantry looking over the wall in a westerly direction; on his right is a water-cart belonging to the same regiment, and also the cooking places for the men. Immediately above these cooking places are the tents of the staff of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, viz., colonel's, lieutenant-colonel's, adjutant's, quartermaster's, medical officer's; and beyond are the chargers of these officers. At a point just below the left-hand top corner of the sketch, is the spot where one of Arabi's shells from his 7-inch gun in front of Kafr-Dowar recently fell, passing over the tents of the 53rd Regiment."

"FUGITIVES FROM CAIRO" AND "THE KANTARA FERRY"

THE first sketch was taken by our artist near Ismailia from the deck of the ss. *Glencroft*, to whose courteous commander, Captain Gasson, our artist was indebted for his passage from Port Said to Suez. The boat in question contained European fugitives, chiefly Maltese and Italians, who had fled with their household goods from Cairo lest Arabi should enact in the Egyptian capital a second edition of the Alexandrian outrages. On his way down our artist passed Kantara Ferry, of which we gave a description last week. This ferry, we may add, is ordinarily used by the Bedouins going eastwards.

BLUE-JACKETS BATHING AT PORT SAID

"THE rank, fashion, and beauty of Port Said," writes our artist, "crowd down to the beach near which the *Monarch* is lying to see the daily tubbing of the crew."

AT SUEZ—THE GUARD OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

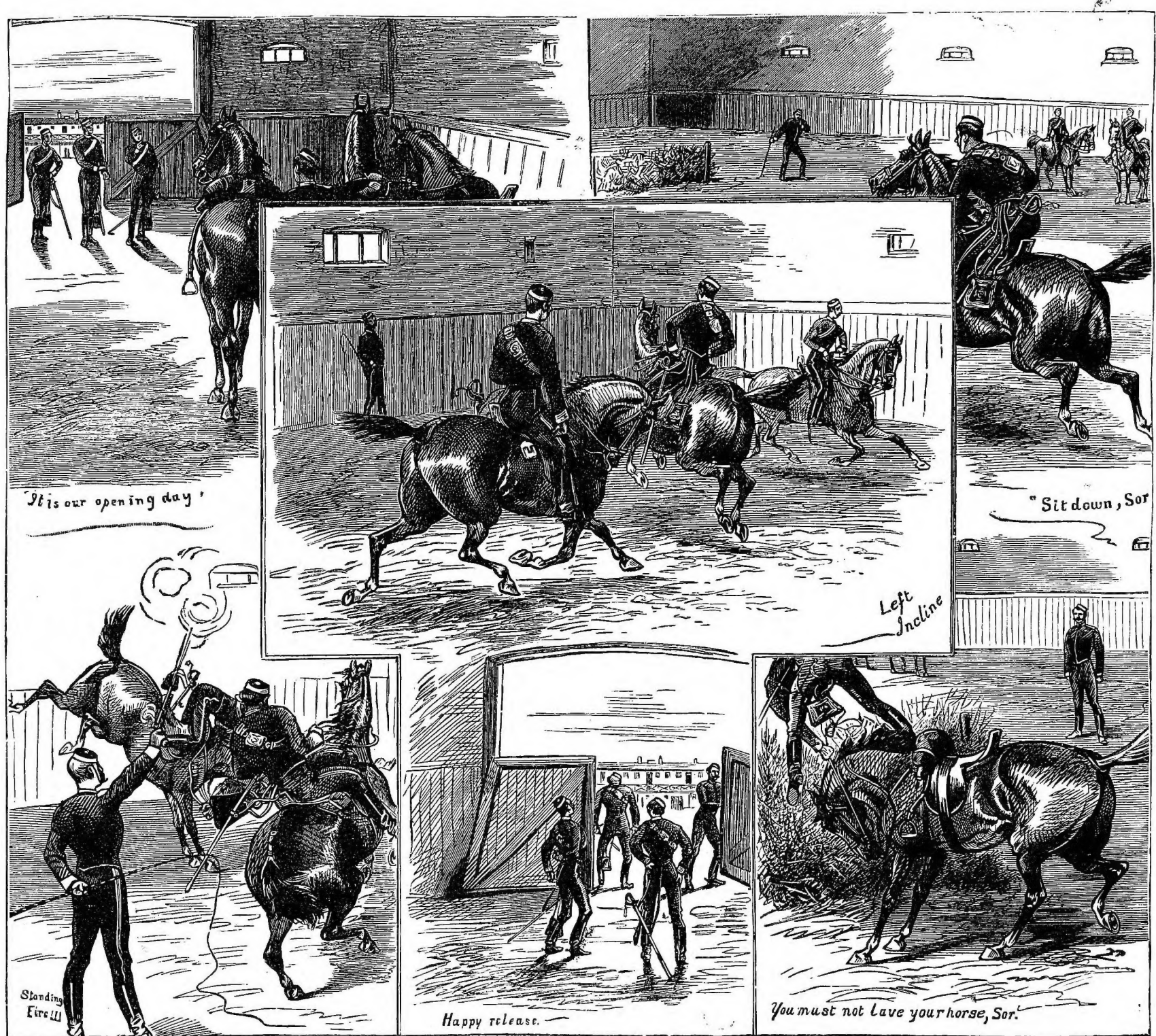
ONE of the finest corps at Suez are the Seaforth Highlanders, who did such good service at Chalouf, and who have earned particular distinction by their fine marksmanship. Our sketch represents a detachment on guard at the Suez Hotel, which is used as a general rallying place by the military authorities.

BRINGING UP A HEAVY GUN AT RAMLEH

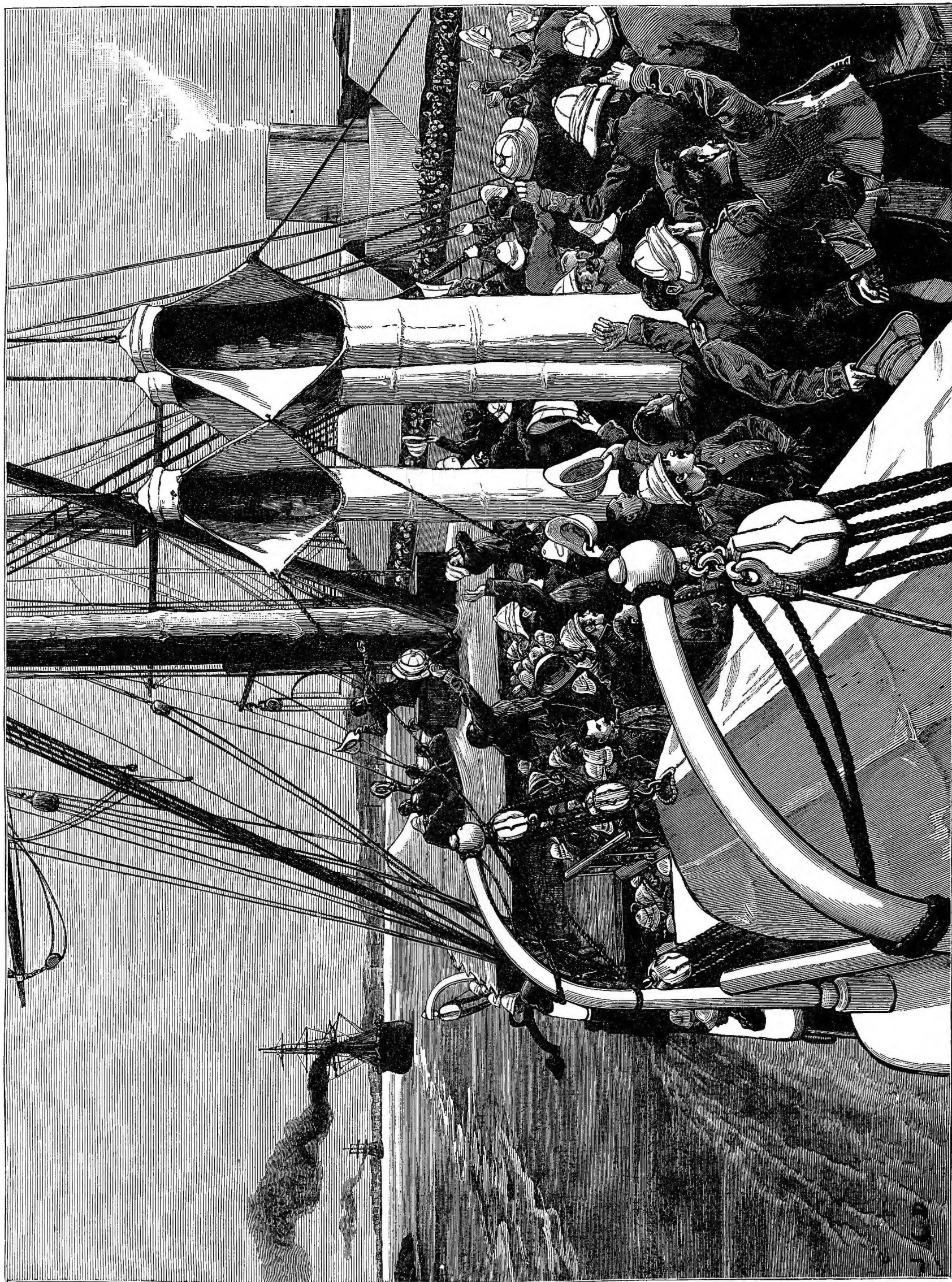
ARABI PASHA having mounted a 15-centimetre Krupp gun on his big earthwork at Kafr Dowar, which somewhat threatened the British position, it was thought advisable to obtain some heavy rifled ordnance with the object of silencing his fire. Accordingly, Lieutenant Percy M. Scott, of H.M.S. *Inconstant*, undertook to bring up two 7-ton guns from the Ras-el-Tin Fort, and succeeded in placing them in such positions that they commanded the whole of Arabi's camp—one close by the railway, the other on the top of the cutting between the railway and waterworks. This was achieved with the help of the men of H.M.S. *Inconstant* and a locomotive engine, which was used to drag the gun up the hill—a somewhat novel but at the same time most successful expedient. In relation to these guns, *The Times* correspondent, telegraphing on the 27th August, says, "This afternoon the 7-ton guns from our and



THE WAR IN EGYPT—MARINES LANDING FROM THE "RHOSINA" IN A LIGHTER AT ISMAILIA
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL MARINES



GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A CAVALRY SUBALTERN



THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE GRENADIER GUARDS ON BOARD THE "BATAVIA" ENTERING THE SUEZ CANAL, AUGUST 23
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

the enemy's batteries exchanged compliments, the firing from both sides being excellent. Our guns were worked by Lieutenant Scott, of the *Inconstant*, and with such precision that, at a range of about 5,000 yards, we appeared to have dismounted their largest gun, not before, however, they had, with almost equal accuracy, planted three shots within a radius of thirty yards round our guns, one of them bursting close to Lieutenant Scott.

GLIMPSSES AT THE LIFE OF A CAVALRY SUBALTERN

THE young cavalry officer scarcely realises that the business of his life has begun till he opens the door of the riding school, and sees the tall chargers with a knowing look in their eyes, saddled and bridled, waiting for himself and the others of his batch to begin. He has a feeling of "for better for worse," and a curious sensation of smallness as he catches an inexplicable twinkle in the rough-rider's eyes when, after an elaborate pretence of inspecting the horses entirely with a view of proving to that rascal that he is a judge of horse-flesh, he finally makes his choice, and mounts.

The first part of his training, the bare-back business, when he rides round without saddle or bridle, bump, bump, bump, trying perhaps to forget a "cross-country" seat he was proud of in order to acquire a cavalry one, and fancies the very horses are laughing at him as he sways, catches at the mane, recovers, forgets the "left incline," and finally sprawls on the tan, is perhaps the most humiliating. After he gets saddle and bridle, his sense of awkwardness does not oppress him so heavily. He feels for his friends when allusions are made to "hinfantry hadjutants," the shame of "showing daylight" on a trooper that "goes so easy, as it wouldn't shake heggs," and some one is earnestly requested to "Sit down, sorr;" but he never quite appreciates his own charger's little jokes, and is apt to be ungrateful when the gentle beast stops short in a gallop, and generously allows him all the honour and glory of clearing the jump on his own account; neither is he always ready with a smile when the good-natured sergeant fires a pistol suddenly, in order to see what progress his pupils are making, and if they have the necessary presence of mind to meet an emergency. However limp he and his friends may have been when they entered the riding school in the morning, they are generally stiff enough when they leave it; and after having tried many positions, it is with an entirely new sensation that they find themselves once more standing upright on "terra firma."—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant A. W. Crawford M'Fall.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 253.

THE BRITISHER ABROAD

EVER since the inauguration of "personally conducted parties," a new species of traveller has invaded the Continent. Formerly a trip to the other side of the Channel was confined to comparatively limited circles—to the very rich, who could afford a courier, and to people who knew something of foreign life and languages. The question of expense also was regarded by many as a wholly unknown quantity, and far too serious a matter to be risked with impunity. Now, however, a trip to Paris or to Rome, to the North Cape or to the Pyramids, to Jerusalem or San Francisco, is rendered as easy a matter to the veriest ignoramus as a trip to Brighton. The ubiquitous Personal Conductor takes him and a detachment of fellow seekers after knowledge completely in tow, and by paying a fixed sum beforehand, Mr. Smith, from Calicutown, Mr. Jenkins, from Yokelford, or Mr. Briggs, from Hammerham, can be conveyed to Paris or round the globe, and fed, tended, and guided throughout his journey without the slightest mental exertion on his part whatever. Thus small armies of the most strangely-matched travellers are now to be found in every noteworthy town in Europe, carefully being marshalled round the lions by conscientious and oratorical "conductors." We saw one not long since in the Vatican. The leader was holding forth on the beauties of Raphael, when some of his flock strayed to another point of interest. "Now then, what is the use of my talking, if you don't keep close by me?" cried he; and the obedient tourists at once rallied promptly round the orator. The costumes also that these—and we regret to say many other travelling English—wear are marvels of ugliness and ingenuity, and give the benighted foreigner a curious idea of British taste, and afford him unlimited scope for caricature. "Anything will do to travel in," is a common exclamation; and people who would hesitate to walk down Regent Street or a provincial High Street in anything but the most correct of attires promenade the Paris Boulevards, the Roman Pincian, or the Viennese Prater in costumes seemingly designed by some ex-habitant of Petticoat Lane, now a resident at Hanwell. Our artist has sketched a party of these Britishers at the portal of Notre Dame, Paris. They are "doing" Paris in the most correct tourist style, driving rapidly through the streets in a capacious vehicle, teamed by a Jehu in a most fantastic livery, and visiting church after church, gallery after gallery, monument after monument, until their minds become a hopeless tangle of architectural, historical, and biographical details, and their reminiscences of places are confined to such trivial incidents as once brought the Eternal City to the mind of an American young lady, who had done Europe at railroad speed: "Rome! Did we go there? Ah, yes! That's so; I guess it was that old ruined town where we saw a dog being shaved by a dirty old woman." At the same time it should be said that the increase of facilities which enable the untutored Briton to travel abroad is certainly doing much good. However little information about Church architecture or Old Masters he may gather, he cannot fail to have his mind widely opened; to learn that there are other nations besides England in the world; and that there is much to be gathered from all nations and in every direction. Moreover, it gives him courage, and having once broken the ice, he will in many cases venture in foreign parts unaided. Wherever he goes, however, the average Briton carries his insular stamp with him, and his peculiarities of dress, diet (we have heard him call for a beefsteak and stout under a blazing noonday Italian sun), and demeanour will ever mark him as the most eccentric, if the most cosmopolitan of globe-trotters.

SPORT IN KASHMIR.—ON THE WAY TO THE HUNTING-GROUND

COLONEL BREDUNE and his friend, Lieutenant Daubs, determine to set out on a shooting expedition from Sirinagar, and accordingly make their preparations, clean guns, &c.

There being many sportsmen bound for the same district on the same errand, the hour of departure is concealed as much as possible, and a start is made at the dead of night.

The Woollar Lake—unfortunately not as it ought to be (*vide Moore*)—has to be crossed in a storm of wind and rain, but a rise in Daubs's barometer foretells a change of weather, and the travellers reach the haven where they would be under more favourable circumstances. Next morning the real business begins, and they tackle their first hill, and find it rather warm work. At length they reach their camping-ground, 4,000 feet above their starting point by Daubs's barometer. Just a thousand feet an hour. But the Dagha Kaugan Pass has to be crossed the next morning at sunrise, before the snow has time to melt.

The elevation is considerable, the cold intense, and the wind something awful. Daubs, in a sheltered nook, under pretence of taking the altitude, knocks off a sketch of the Colonel attempting to keep his balance and his hands warm at the same time.

All things must have an ending, however unpleasant, and the descent on the other side is easily managed at a thousand feet a minute. "Awfully jolly," as Daubs exclaims, quite forgetful of his steering, when an unlucky stump produces a capsize, and our friend narrowly escapes having to be dug out.

The shooting ground is reached without further incident, and the friends part to their respective valleys, wishing each other good luck and plenty of bears.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant James A. Ferrier, R.L.E.

MR. THOMAS SHAW, D.L., M.P.

THE election of Mr. Thomas Shaw on August 19th to the seat vacated at Halifax by the retirement of Mr. Hutchinson—an election concluded without the ballot, as there was no other candidate before the constituency—does not affect the balance of parties in the House of Commons. Mr. Shaw is as ardent a Liberal as his predecessor in the representation of Halifax. The new member is the third son of the late Mr. Joseph Shaw of Greenbank, Stainland, near Halifax. He was born in 1823, was educated at Huddersfield College, and married in 1853 a daughter of Mr. William Rawson, of Wilton Polygon, near Manchester, remembered as the treasurer of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Mr. Shaw is Deputy-Lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire. He has been twice Mayor of Halifax, and has been President of the Halifax Chamber of Commerce, the Halifax Literary and Philosophical Society, and the Halifax Mechanics' Institution. Mr. Shaw is a woollen manufacturer, and India and China merchant, being one of the principal partners in the firm of Messrs. John Shaw and Sons (Limited), Brookroyd Mills, near Halifax.—Our portrait is from a lithograph, published by Messrs. Morris, Walton, and Co.

NOTE.—We are informed that the garden at Cairo, which we illustrated last week, is attached to the Hotel du Nil, and not to Shepherd's Hotel, as described in the title.

THE "EIRA" ARCTIC AND THE "HOPE" RELIEF EXPEDITIONS

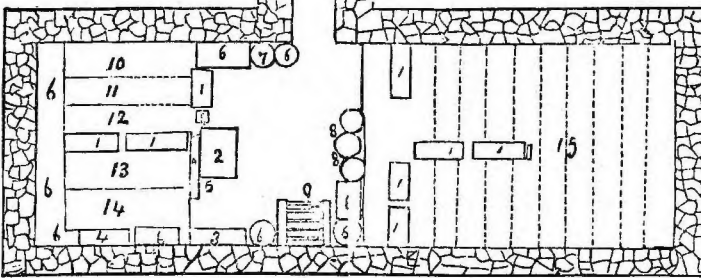
IT will be remembered that Mr. B. Leigh Smith, in following up his previous year's discoveries in Franz Josef Land, sailed from Peterhead in his private ship *Eira* on June 14th, 1881. Nova Zembla was sighted on the 30th, and after many attempts an opening was found in the ice in lat. 73° 53' N., and long. 46° 8' E. on July 13, and the *Eira* steamed north, reaching Franz Josef Land on the 23rd of July in the same summer.

Some days were spent in Gray Bay shooting walrus and bears. As the ice was close down on the west coast the *Eira* tried to go up Nightingale Sound, but this being also closed with fast ice she returned to Bell Island, and put up a store house. On the 16th of August the *Eira* steamed towards Barent's Hook, with the intention of going east to look for the *Jeannette*, but found it impossible to pass, and some days were also spent near Cape Flora in dredging, and collecting fossils and plants.

On Sunday morning, August 21, the pack came in, and the *Eira* was caught between it and the land floe. It is supposed that a tongue of ice went through her side, near the fore-rigging; she filled rapidly, and sank before many stores were saved. As she went the men cried out, "She's awa!" "She was our home," "She was a bonnie ship."

Notwithstanding every exertion, the crew of twenty-five men had barely two hours to save such provisions as were nearest at hand before the ship went down, leaving them homeless on the ice. They had, however, succeeded in cutting and had saved their hundred weight of flour, some preserved bacco, and spirits, and ing as could be hurriedly thrown out upon tent was erected upon the saved, and under this shelter they passed their first night.

Next day they moved to the land at Cape Flora, and there put up the tent;



1. Chests.—2. Medicine.—3. Ammunition.—4. Wine Case.—5. Gun Case.—6. Stores.—7. Harness Case.—8. Rum.—9. Fireplace.—10. Sleeping Berth of Crowther, First Mate.—11. Sleeping Berth of Fenton, Second Mate.—12. Sleeping Berth of Mr. Lofley, Captain.—13. Sleeping Berth of Mr. Leigh Smith.—14. Sleeping Berth of Dr. Neale.—15. Quarters of the Seamen.

THE "EIRA" ARCTIC EXPEDITION—THE INTERIOR OF THE EXPLORERS' HUT

the boats and stores to the shore, they proceeded to build a house of loose stones and turf, as all hope of escaping from Franz Josef Land in that year had to be abandoned. The explorers had to look forward to passing a long and dreary winter in such shelter as the hut could afford, and to depend upon their own exertions for such food as could be obtained. The house was 38 feet long by 12 feet broad, and covered with the ship's sails.

As winter approached, it was almost buried beneath a snow drift. A large oil lamp, after the custom of the Esquimaux, was prepared, and the oil from the game killed was used in it for the purpose of cooking their food. Warm clothing was made out of some strong cloth saved, and winter boots were made with canvas tops, and the soles of twisted rope-yarn.

Fortunately the firearms and ammunition had been saved, and every effort was made to lay in a stock of birds before they migrated southward.

During the early winter bears were numerous, and often came to the hut, prowling around the door, and even on the roof; and walrus were frequently found at the edge of the fast ice whenever the pack had moved off by the force of the wind, and had left some water spaces.

A faithful companion in their misfortunes accompanied the explorers in the shape of a retriever dog, and this useful animal was of the greatest service to them, during the long winter nights, in leading the bears up to the house, and within range of the rifles; and also in discovering the walrus lying upon the ice, and bringing the hunters up to them. Some books had also been saved from the ship, and added much to the explorers' comfort during the long hours.

The winter was passed without any serious effect upon the health of the men; and, although in March their provisions became very scarce from the absence of animal life, at the end of that

month bears again appeared, and at the latter part of the following month the birds began to fly northward, and the explorers were enabled to provide themselves again with fresh food.

As the summer advanced preparations were commenced to attempt the escape in the boats. Sails and tents were made from the old canvas and table-cloths, and some walrus meat was put in tins for the journey. Stores were provided sufficient to last for two months, and on June 21st, 1882, all being ready, and a large expanse of water having appeared to the south, the boats were dragged to the edge of the land floe and launched. They sailed away southwards for some eighty miles without meeting any ice of consequence, a strong north-west wind having blown the pack thus far away. Soon, however, the pack ice was met with, and the boats were beset, and further progress stopped.

On the 1st of July the ice opened out, and some advance was made by forcing the boats through narrow leads, dragging them over necks of ice, and sailing or rowing through pools. This work continued day after day, the boats being often much squeezed by the ice. When no progress could be made the boats were hauled up on a floe, the tents put up over them, and all rested until the ice opened out again. At last, on August 1st, the open sea was reached, and the boats sailed east with a south-west breeze, which increased to a gale, and then a thunderstorm. After twenty-four hours the boats reached Nova Zembla, and were drawn up on the beach at the entrance to Matotchkin Straits on the evening of August 2nd. Sailing into a small bay, the explorers observed a cairn and staff on a point of land, just behind which the *Hope* and the *Willem Barents* were anchored at the time.

But in consequence of a heavy fog coming over at that moment, they ran the boats on the nearest beach, and camped for the night, within half a mile of the cairn and staff. At the cairn which indicated the position of the *Hope's* anchorage, Sir Allen Young had deposited a letter for Mr. Leigh Smith, and here Sir Allen was just about to land a dépôt of fourteen day's provision for the *Eira's* crew. Mr. Leigh Smith intended to examine the cairn as soon as his men had rested and the fog cleared off, and in that case would have almost looked down on board the *Hope*. However, on the following morning all anxiety was set at rest by the discovery of the two ships, the *Willem Barents* being off the point, she having just ten minutes previously parted company with the *Hope* to proceed northward.

A boat was launched from Mr. Leigh Smith's camp, and the *Hope's* boats were at once sent away on shore, when, to the intense relief of everybody, the *Eira's* crew was soon brought safely alongside, and Sir Allen Young, his officers, and crew had the pleasure of welcoming them on board.

Every attention was paid to the comfort of the travellers, and they were told off to their different berths according to their rating with the *Hope's* crew. The *Kara* was also in the straits, and Mr. Leigh Smith's old friend, Sir H. Gore Booth, had also the gratification of shaking him by the hand on board the *Hope*.

As the objects for which the *Hope* had been despatched from England were now so successfully accomplished, and as there were no further reasons for remaining on the desolate shores of Nova Zembla, the ship's fresh-water tanks were refilled, the stores were restowed, and her own and Mr. Leigh Smith's boats hoisted up. She set sail for England on the 6th of August, arriving at Aberdeen on the morning of the 20th, when Sir Allen Young immediately made arrangements to forward the *Eira's* crew to their homes, where they all arrived the same afternoon, after their long absence and perilous voyage.

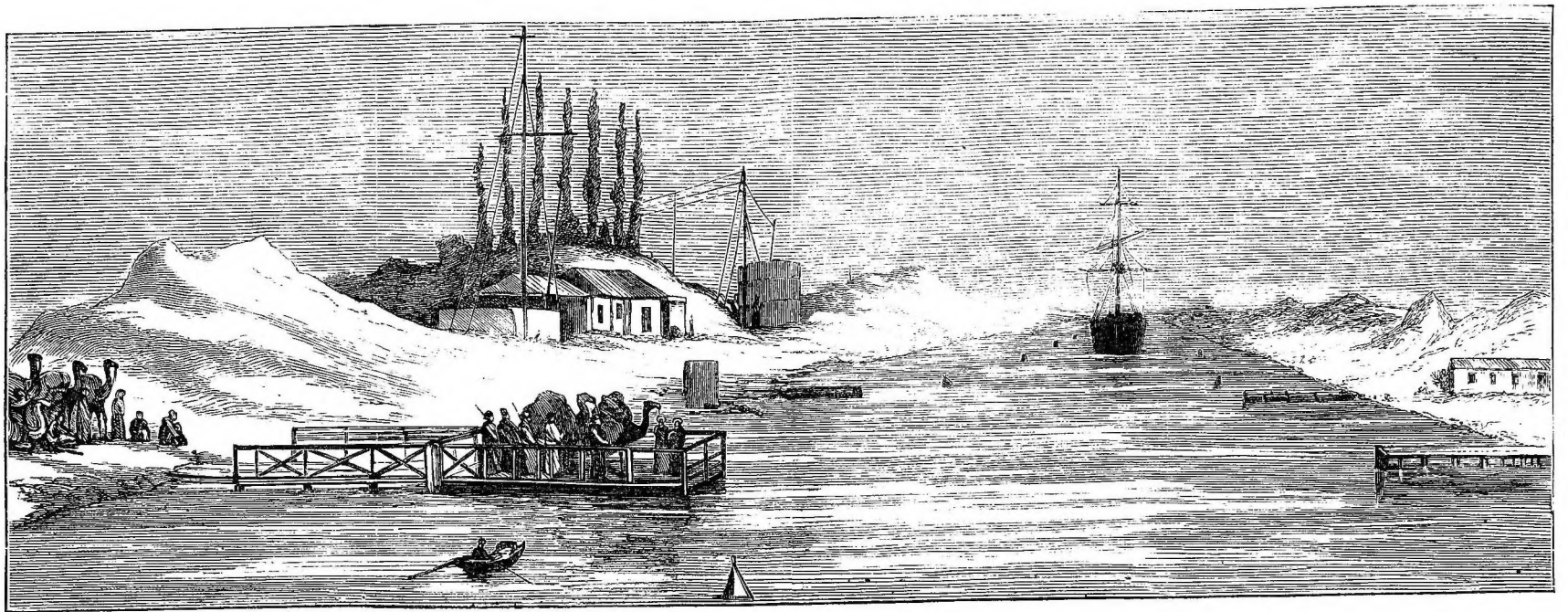
Mr. B. Leigh Smith was born the 12th March, 1828. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and was a wrangler in 1852. Later he became a member of the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar but never practised. Mr. Leigh Smith has long had a passion for Arctic enterprise, and in the year 1871, 1872, and 1873 he made voyages to Spitzbergen in hired vessels. In the summer of 1880 he penetrated almost as far as Franz Josef Land, discovered by the Austrians some time before. This voyage was undertaken in the *Eira*, a vessel specially built for the purpose by Mr. Smith, and though little was known to the public of the expedition, its results were considered so important as to warrant the bestowal upon Mr. Smith of the medal of the Royal Geographical Society. In the recent expedition the *Eira* was victualled for two years only.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Co., Piccadilly and Cheapside.

HOME NEWS

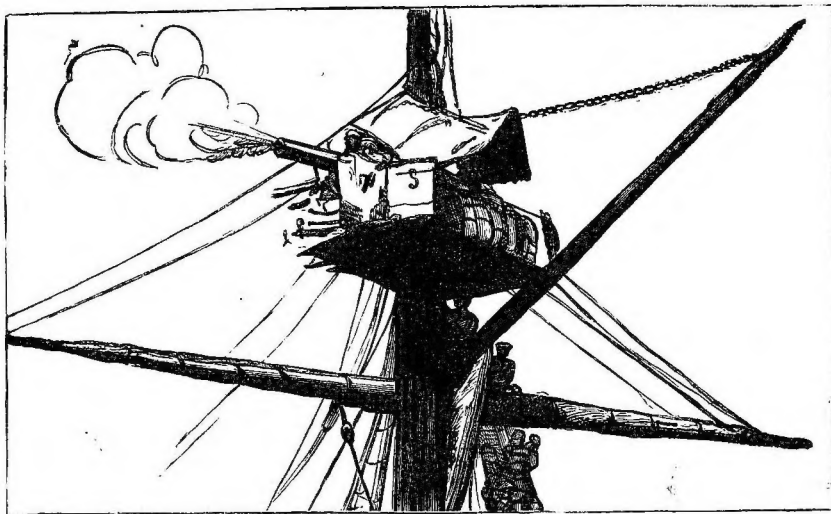
MR. BAXTER'S ADDRESS AT BRECHIN has been the solitary speech of any mark among the political utterances of the week. Mr. Baxter defends the policy of the Government in Ireland and Egypt, while regretting that such a policy should be necessary, on the ground as regards Ireland that "the safety of the people is the supreme law," and in Egypt because Arabi and his adherents are a military not a national party. He also maintains the necessity of the *clôture*, though he considers there is more danger in the "too-frequent opportunities" of raising discussion than in the prolongation of any particular debate. "The Liberal party," he adds, "was never more united than at present." Other speakers have mostly dealt in commonplace, or, like Sir R. Cross and Mr. Rowland Winn, deserted political for agricultural topics. The latter urges the farmers to turn their minds to the production of meat. They need not fear the competition of America: meat is 2d. a pound dearer in New York than it is here.

IN DUBLIN disaffection among the metropolitan police was brought to a head by the dismissal of several of the force for holding an insubordinate meeting. Their comrades replied to this by threatening to resign *en masse*, for twenty-four hours the capital was without a police, and serious rioting ensued. The authorities enrolled special constables, and firmly told the men they must choose between withdrawal of their resignations and dismissal. Since then they have reconsidered their position, and addressed a submissive memorial to Earl Spencer praying, not stipulating, for the restoration of their comrades. These cases will be considered one by one, and the strike is now believed to be at an end. Earl Spencer, after careful examination of the facts, has decided that the law must take its course in the case of Francis Hynes; and Mr. Gray, M.P., announces that at the expiration of his three months' imprisonment he will take no steps to procure sureties, but will elect to pass another three months in his present very endurable quarters. The return of "agrarian" outrages for August show also in the main considerable improvement, though allowance must be made for murders like those of the Joyce family, which do not come under this heading.—An entertainment given by the Lord Mayor to the Mayor of Chicago on Tuesday evening assumed the character of a political demonstration, and several anti-English speeches were delivered, to which one of the guests, Sir J. Barrington, replied with a very spirited protest.—The Eton Master who was arrested by the police, in company with the American journalist, Mr. George, has addressed a letter to *The Times*, sarcastically describing the circumstances of his arrest; and Mr. George has occupied the interval between return from Ireland and departure to America by lecturing at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on the "Nationalisation of the Land."

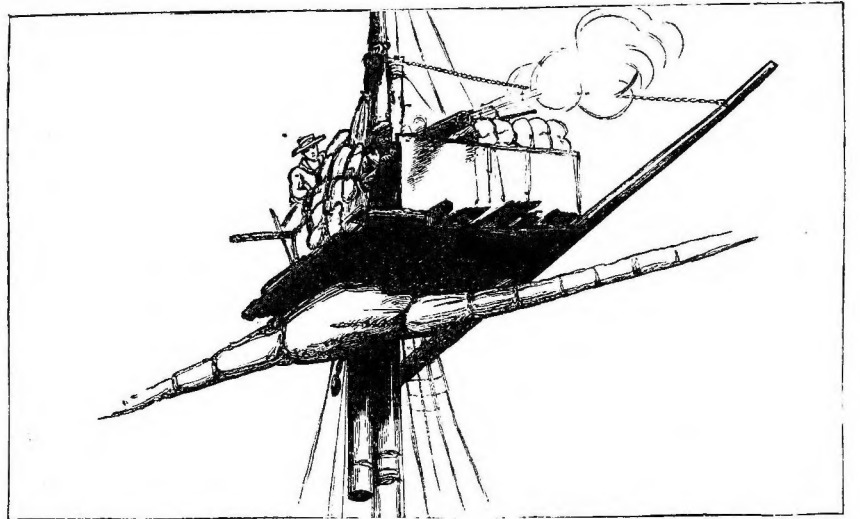
THE PREMIER, who has returned to Hawarden, is accompanied everywhere in his walks by two policemen. These guards are no



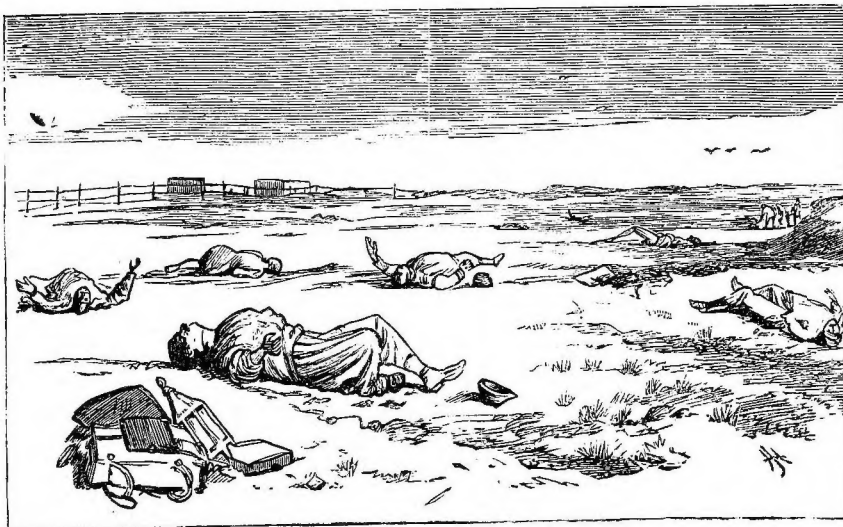
THE FERRY AT KANTARA ON THE SUEZ CANAL



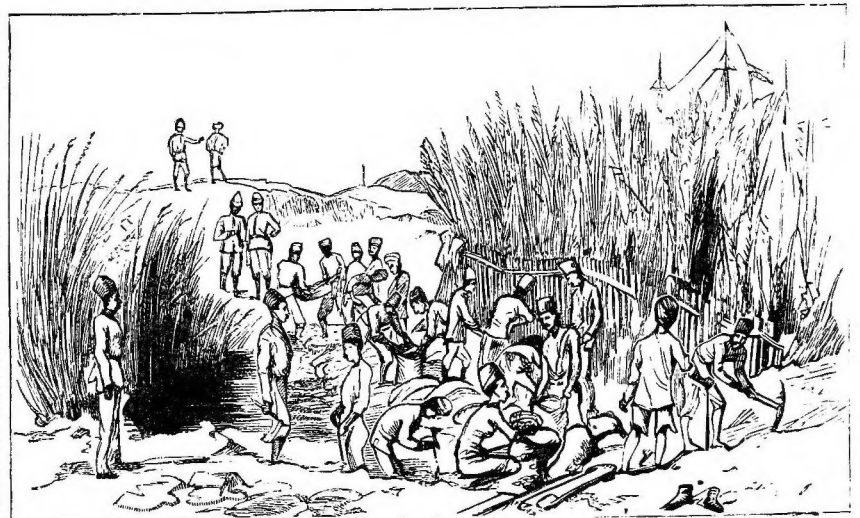
SEVEN-POUND GUN IN THE FORE-TOP OF H.M.S. "SEAGULL" DURING THE ENGAGEMENT AT CHALOUF, AUGUST 20



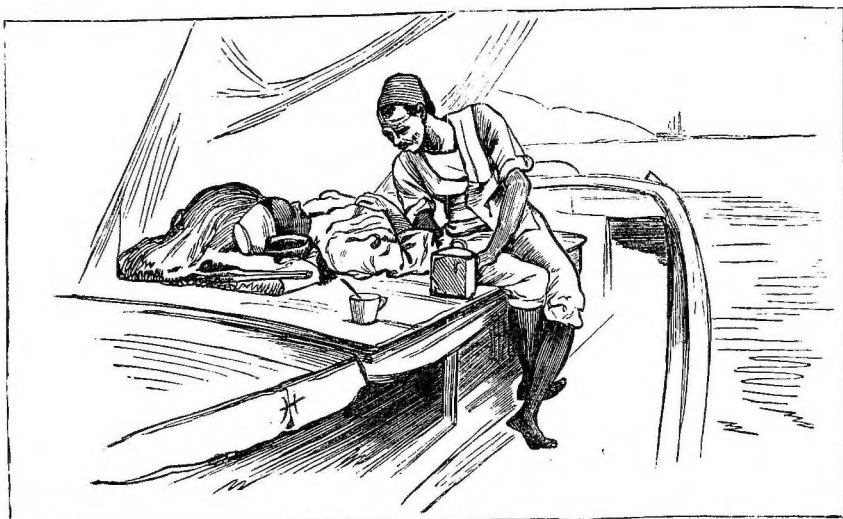
GATLING GUN ON THE PLATFORM IN MAIN-TOP OF H.M.S. "SEAGULL"—AT CHALOUF, AUGUST 20



THE EGYPTIAN DEAD AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT AT CHALOUF
Sketched on August 22



MADRAS SAPPERS DAMMING THE FRESH-WATER CANAL AT CHALOUF



WOUNDED EGYPTIAN FOUND ON THE FIELD OF CHALOUF, AUGUST 22



SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS ON GUARD AT THE SUEZ HOTEL

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON

longer armed with a simple staff, but carry each a revolver, with twenty rounds of ammunition. The reason for these increased precautions is not known.

THE JUBILEE OF THE TEETOTAL MOVEMENT, initiated Sept. 1, 1832, by the "Seven Men of Preston," has been the signal for meetings and demonstrations all over the country. At the Crystal Palace the anniversary was celebrated on Tuesday by a gathering of over 50,000 total abstainers. The festivities were preceded by a Conference, attended by several foreign delegates, and presided over by Mr. Cook, of excursionist celebrity. On Wednesday there was a Conference of French, German, Italian, and Belgian delegates at Exeter Hall—the proceedings being conducted in the French language; and in the evening a meeting at the same place of the Independent Order of Good Templars, a body numbering in England alone nearly 100,000 adults, and over 50,000 youths. At Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle a ten days' "mission service" was opened on Sunday by Mr. R. T. Booth, of the Blue Ribbon Army—an American organisation of which the seed was sown in the Women's Whisky War, and which has enrolled 270,000 members since its introduction into England last September. Mr. Spurgeon himself presided on Monday, and Canon Wilberforce, D.D., on Wednesday, and services were held in connection with the mission at the Rev. Newman Hall's church in the Westminster Bridge Road, where many hundreds took the pledge, in addition to those who had enrolled themselves in the army at the Tabernacle.—At Manchester, on Saturday, there was a grand procession to the Pomona Gardens, where medals were presented to Mr. J. King, a survivor of the "seven," and to Mr. W. Livesey, son of their first leader, Joseph Livesey, still living at the ripe age of eighty-nine.—At Newcastle, Cardinal Manning has been advocating "local option" before a large assembly, and has since dilated on decentralisation and local self-government at a breakfast given him by the United Kingdom Alliance.

THE ENGINEER VOLUNTEERS' CAMP AT CHATMAM broke up on Saturday. In three days they had thrown up a field fortification large enough to hold 600 men, and act as an effectual check to an advancing enemy. Nearly a hundred volunteered for Egypt. The steamer *Tana* takes out to the seat of war balloons from Woolwich, with all the necessary equipments. The services of Mr. Coxwell and his balloons have, therefore, been declined for the present. Under the patronage of the Dukes of Cambridge, Wellington, and Manchester, a grand military tournament will be held at Drayton Hall, West Drayton, on the 30th, in aid of the families of the killed and wounded. Lieut.-General Taylor, of Drayton Hall, is secretary of the tournament. A fund for wives and families of soldiers in Egypt is also being formed at Aldershot, under the patronage of Lady Lysons.

OUR ZULU GUEST, after a rough passage down the Channel in the *Nubian*, took his last view of England on Saturday at Plymouth, where he was shown H.M.S. *Cambridge*, and permitted to fire with his own hand two broadsides by electricity. The King was in high spirits, notwithstanding a recent attack of sea-sickness, and expressed himself delighted with his reception in England by the Queen, by that "great man, Mr. Gladstone, and his wife," and by "his brother, the Prince of Wales." On reaching the Cape he will spend a month at Oude Molen, near Cape Town, the scene of his captivity.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION may not meet at Montreal in 1884 after all. The very numerous dissentients aver that the motion to that effect was carried when a majority of the members of the Council were absent. Besides other objections, it is urged that a meeting in Canada would be an intrusion on the domain of an Association already existing in America.

THE ANCIENT FESTIVAL OF THE "PRESTON GUILD MERCHANT," dating from A.D. 1328, has been the event of the week in Lancashire. Sermons on Sunday from the Bishops of Manchester and Carlisle preluded the opening of the Guild Court on Monday, when Lord Derby and Sir R. Cross, among others, responded to their names as burgesses. In the afternoon a visit was made to the Grammar School, where a Latin oration was delivered and replied to in the same language by the Recorder, and later on was a procession of 16,000 school-children, and an opening performance by Dr. Bridge on the fine new organ presented to the town by Mr. Dewhurst at a cost of 3,000*l.* On Tuesday Lord Lathom laid the foundation stone of the Free Library and Museum, for the construction of which the late Prothonotary of Lancashire had bequeathed a sum of 100,000*l.*, and Lord Derby delivered an appropriate address on local patriotism; and on Wednesday, the great day of the feast, was the famous procession of trades, twenty-five in all, illustrative of all the old and modern forms of spinning and weaving, and the luncheon to the Duke of Cambridge at the Agricultural Show. On Thursday were opened the fine new buildings of the County Palatine.

THE NEW FREE LIBRARY AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE was opened to the public last Friday. Site and buildings have cost 20,000*l.*, and 8,000*l.* has been expended in the purchase of books. The Lending Library contains at present 30,000 volumes, and the Reference library 6,000, besides 5,000 volumes of specifications of patents removed thither from the rooms of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society. The New Library stands upon the site of the old Carlisle Tower.

THE CONFERENCE OF MINERS' DELEGATES AT MANCHESTER closed more threateningly than had at one time been expected from the moderate tone of the Presidential address. Resolutions advocating "a general stand of all the miners throughout the United Kingdom," if an advance of wages be not obtained by the 1st of October, were carried on the last day of the meeting by a majority of votes. "Each district is to be left to make its own claims in its own way." Other resolutions had been previously passed in favour of the appointment of a Minister of Mines, of granting power to prosecute under the Mines Act to a common informer, and of pushing the Employers' (Amendment) Liability Act in the next Session of Parliament.

GREAT FEARS ARE INSPIRED by the prolonged illness of Sir George Grey, of Falloden, Northumberland. Sir George is now in his eighty-fourth year, having been born in 1799. He was four times Home Secretary in the Ministries formed by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston.

THE RIGHT HON. MONTAGUE BERNARD died on Saturday at his country seat near Ross, in Herefordshire, at the comparatively early age of sixty-one. Mr. Bernard was Chichele Professor of International Law at Oxford from 1859 to 1874, and had served on more than one Government Commission. He was best known, however, to the general public as one of the High Commissioners who negotiated the Treaty of Washington. He subsequently delivered a lecture on the subject, which he wittily compared to the oration of Demosthenes on "The False Embassy." Shortly after his return from Washington he was made a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

THE STREET OFFERINGS at the ninth annual collection for the Hospital Sunday Fund, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather on the 2nd inst., much exceed those of the previous year. Among the thousands who volunteered to take charge of boxes were several ladies of title, among whom the Hon. Mrs. Clay, whose station was in front of the Mansion House, was the most successful.

THE NORTH-EAST COAST EXHIBITION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE was opened on Wednesday, in the Aquarium at Tyne-mouth. Models of ship-building and marine engines were contributed by all the great ship-yards from Clyde to Thames, and there was a most interesting exhibition of life-saving apparatus. The exhibition

was opened by Lord Ravensworth, the President of the Committee, and speeches were made by the Duke of Northumberland and Sir W. Armstrong.

THE PROTRACTED INQUIRY into deaths of children after vaccination at Norwich has come to a conclusion. Presence of erythema, in the lymph appears to be the most probable explanation of the casualties. At Leicester, in the last week, forty-seven persons have been summoned and fined for neglecting to have their children vaccinated according to the Act.

AT BANGOR, the Bishop has consented to have hospital tents for typhoid patients erected in his park, the accommodation provided in the temporary hospitals being inadequate to the emergency.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF YARMOUTH wish to sell the old Tollhouse Hall, "an almost unique specimen of Early English architecture," in which municipal business has been carried on for over 600 years. Archaeologists are greatly excited over the matter, and Sir John Lubbock is making an effort to induce the Corporation to preserve the Hall for a public museum.

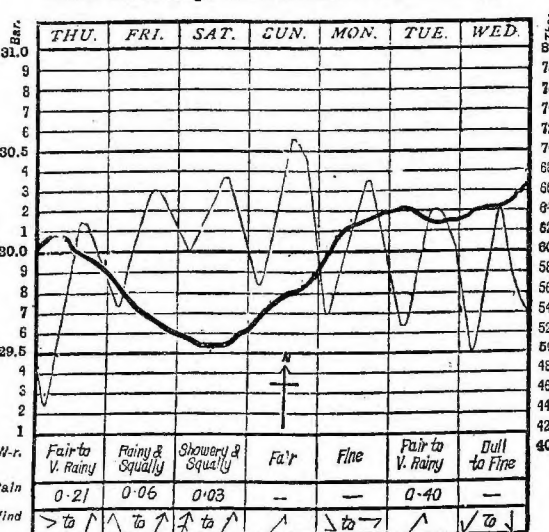
ACCIDENTS FROM DROWNING are still very numerous. At Herne Bay a bathing-machine attendant, named Collingwood, has lost his life in a brave attempt to save two ladies who had been carried out of their depth, and who clung to him so that he could not swim. A fisherman at Exmouth, who had gone to the rescue of a lady swimmer in a rough sea, was more fortunate, but only through the assistance of a brother, who swam out to help him when the two seemed about to sink.

PORT VICTORIA is the name of the "new port for London" on the Medway, which will be opened next week by the South-Eastern Railway Company, and which was visited on Tuesday last by a party of gentlemen representing various ocean steamship companies. The new port will be approached by a short line leaving the North Kent five miles east of Greenwich, and will, it is hoped, when the dock accommodation is completed, be very serviceable in saving large ships from the tortuous navigation of the river above Gravesend. Stores from Woolwich will then be placed on shipboard in a few hours.

EMBARKATION OF TURKISH TROOPS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—A correspondent writes:—"Such an embarkation I never saw in my life, and I have seen many. Horses, mules—with or without riders—cavalry, artillery, and infantry all jumbled up together, without the slightest idea of order, as they shuffled and struggled over the wide undulating bridge on their way to embark on board the huge transport. The cavalry and artillery made some show of regularity, occasionally keeping in double file or Indian file, but the infantry were scattered about everywhere, some with boots, some with shoes, some with one boot and one shoe, but it was wonderful how they walked with them at all; and the soles were generally dropping off, though occasionally cleverly bound on to keep body and sole together. Some wore their new (now become dirty) white tunic recently served out for service in Egypt, but the majority marched on board in ragged jackets and tunics of all colours, shapes, and descriptions. It was marvellous how some of these garments held together. The adroitness displayed in the joining of the fragments would put an English professional beggar to the blush. I suppose their rifles had been sent on before; few carried them, but for the most part dirty and unsightly bundles. A considerable time it took to get this motley mob on board, and the mules evinced a decided objection to trying a sea voyage. They had generally to be pushed along the plank by four or five men. When on deck they commenced kicking among the horses, till wedged in so tight that they could only bite. The horses, poor creatures, with their heads outwards, were rammed as close as herrings in a barrel. All but six of those I saw embarked died on their short voyage to Salonica or the Bay of Suda, I believe. The scene on deck baffles description. Bundles of hay were lying in all directions uncovered, so that the least spark would have set the ship in a blaze. The soldiers seemed happy enough. They had been told that there was some pay for them on board. Whether they got it I don't know. One month's pay out of twelve is as much as they generally receive. Poor fellows, they were packed so close they could hardly move. Some old General or Pasha, who had to be helped in and out of his carriage, seeming very infirm, came on board, and mumbled a discourse to the officers of all departments, and in all costumes, in a low voice, for about half an hour. The officers stood round regarding him with the usual stolid look of a Turk when receiving instructions. One felt angry at seeing such a fine ship, English built, and as fine as any of our transports, in such a filthy state."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM AUGUST 31 TO SEPTEMBER 6 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been very changeable indeed; Thursday (31st ult.), Friday (1st inst.), and Saturday (2nd inst.) were rough, squally, and wet, Sunday and Monday (3rd and 4th inst.) were fine, Tuesday (5th inst.), after commencing fairly, turned out one of the wettest days which we have had for many weeks, while Wednesday (6th inst.) was fine, but cold. The bad weather of the first three days was owing to a rather large depression, whose centre travelled very slowly across our northern districts, and in the rear of which the barometer rose and the sky cleared; but the rain of Tuesday (5th inst.) was the result of a very shallow local disturbance, which was developed over the south-west of England early in the day, and subsequently passed away to Belgium. The weather then appeared to be improving somewhat decidedly, but could hardly be deemed "settled." The barometer was highest (30.33 inches) on Wednesday (6th inst.); lowest (29.54 inches) on Saturday (2nd inst.); range, 0.79 inches. Temperature was highest (71°) on Sunday (3rd inst.); lowest (45°) on Thursday (31st ult.); range, 26°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.70 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.40 inches, on Tuesday (5th inst.).



A NEW OPERA BOUFFE BY M. LECOCQ, *Le Cœur et la Main*, is shortly to be produced at the Paris Nouveautés.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL is now being roofed in with leaden plates, in order that no portion of the building may suffer from the weather.

A STRANGE CLOUD OF INSECTS, two miles wide, passed over Woolwich on Monday. A dense mass, first of ordinary flies, then of drab-hued and light-winged insects, appeared across the Thames from the Essex meadows, and took half-an-hour in passing away to the south-west.

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN ART EXHIBITION has been opened this week in the Walker Art Gallery. The collection is particularly good, and comprises 826 oil paintings, 741 water-colours, and 38 pieces of sculpture, Sir F. Leighton's "Phryne" being one of the most prominent exhibits.

THE LANDSLIPS IN THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY are so fast reducing the proportions of the island that the subject is to be brought before Parliament next Session. One parish—Walden—is only half the size it was in 1606, for trustworthy records of that year show that the district then contained 433 acres, while now only 200 can be counted.

POOR LONDON CHILDREN are not such destructive beings amongst tempting flower-beds as generally supposed. During the last three months the Inner Temple Gardens have been open to the public every evening from 6 to 9 P.M., and although thousands of children have poured into the gardens from the crowded neighbourhood, not one single instance of damage or injury of any kind has been reported.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION.—The smack *Ensign*, recently fitted out by the Thames Church Mission Society for missionary effort amongst the North Sea fishermen, leaves the Short Blue fleet to-day for the Thames, and will be on view below London Bridge for some days. Cards of admission to the vessel may be obtained from the Secretary, 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C., who will also be glad to receive gifts of books, illustrated papers, or thick woollen scarves and cuffs for the fishermen.

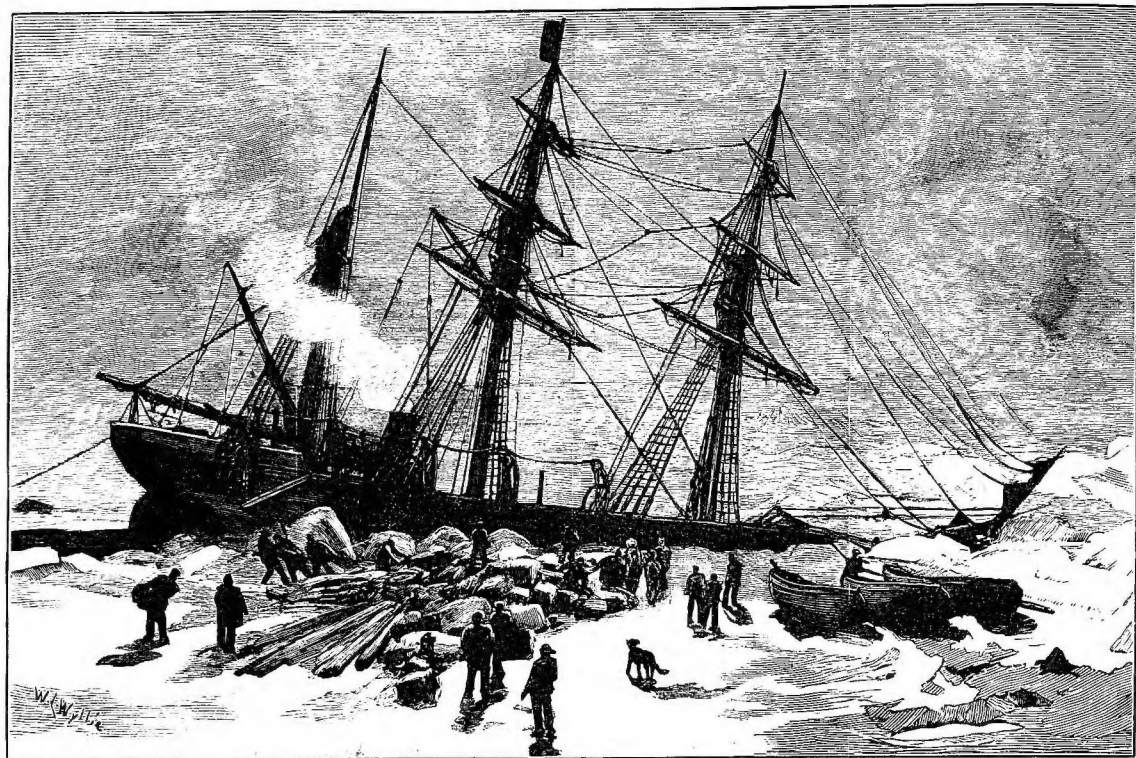
ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES OF GREAT INTEREST are being made in the Roman baths now undergoing excavation at Bath. Thus the *Bath Herald* tells us that the pilasters supporting the roof have been laid bare, besides part of the west wall and the flag paving of the ambulatory, which was covered with fresh-water shells. Here was found an egg, which the British Museum authorities consider is that of a teal or an eared grebe, the latter being now almost extinct in England. The egg was full of water, which had apparently percolated through the shell during the centuries it had been hidden, and the petrified yolk fills one end as a mass of clear crystal. The egg is to be placed in the Pump Room as an antiquarian treasure, which is believed to date from the time when Bath Abbey and the Roman Baths were a ruin, and the latter stood in the midst of a sedgy lake, the resort of wild-fowl.

THE PERILS OF CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN are this year greatly increased by the unsafe condition of the ropes which have been placed at the most dangerous points of the ascent. These ropes have been exposed to the weather for many years, and are frayed and rotten, thus forming regular traps for the unwary. A volunteer party of English climbers to renew the ropes was planned early in the season, but the scheme fell through. Talking of Alpine dangers, it has been much discussed among mountaineers whether Professor Balfour had accomplished the ascent of the Aiguille Blanche de Penenter before meeting with his fatal accident. Accordingly, Mr. Cunningham, who accompanied the unfortunate Professor in his tour, but did not make the ascent on account of the unfavourable weather, intends to attempt the peak early next year, as he considers Mr. Balfour would have left some record on the summit if he had succeeded.

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week, and the deaths numbered 1,473 against 1,401 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 72, and 25 above the average, while the death rate increased to 19.7 per 1,000. There were 7 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 6), 32 from measles (an increase of 5), 42 from scarlet fever (a rise of 6), 18 from diphtheria, 30 from whooping cough (a decline of 10), 1 from typhus, 6 from enteric fever (a decrease of 8), 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever (an increase of 1), 153 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 5), and 6 from simple cholera. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 202 from 199, and were 42 above the average, while different forms of violence caused 41 deaths, of which 40 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,496 births registered—a decrease of 58, and 44 below the average. The mean temperature was 58.1 deg., and there were 25.2 hours of bright sunshine out of the 95.5 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

HERR KRUPP'S WORKMEN'S COLONY NEAR ESSEN is one of the most complete models of a philanthropic city in Europe. Well-built houses, wide streets, and a good supply of gas and water are provided for the workpeople and their families, altogether some 16,000 souls, and accommodation is to be found for all classes. Thus, while families can have lodgings of from two to four rooms at yearly rents varying from 3*l.* 6*s.* to 9*l.*, single men are boarded at 10*s.* daily, and those earning better wages at 1*s.* 2*d.* per diem. Shops of every description abound, besides a huge bakery and butchery, while recreation is not forgotten in the beer-saloons, bowling alleys, &c., No profits are expected however, the whole undertaking being subsidised by the firm solely for their people's benefit. There is a hotel, a hospital, and a bath-house, while education is well cared for by first-rate schools, many of the teachers being the widows of former workmen. The Krupp family, by the way, first settled at Essen at the end of last century, the father of the present great cannon-maker establishing a copper and brass manufactory. When he died his sons Arthur and Alfred first undertook to cast cannon about 1855, and subsequently Arthur Krupp set up a manufactory in Austria, Alfred leaving the Essen business to its present owner.

THE SEASON IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS appears to be unfavourable this summer, to judge by the reports of those vessels which have returned from taking out the members of the various expeditions to commence the International Polar Meteorological observations. Most of the colonies, however, seem to have reached their destination, although the Swedes have been obliged to stop short of their intended point at Mossel Bay. Apart from these, there are plenty of Arctic explorers afield this summer. Thus, the Dutch *Willem Barants*, which met the *Eira's* crew off Nova Zembla, has gone further north; while the Danish vessel *Dymphna* has left Vardoe, the most northern point of Europe, for Cape Chelyuskin—the extreme promontory of Asia, and first successfully rounded by Professor Nordenskjöld—hoping thence to penetrate farther north. As the commander, Lieutenant Hovgaard, has already been over this route with Professor Nordenskjöld, the Danes are very hopeful of success. Another of M. Nordenskjöld's companions in the *Vega*, Lieutenant Bove, is by no means disheartened in his Antarctic researches by the recent loss of one of the vessels off Cape Horn. Another ship has been hired in its place, as tender to the regular exploring vessel, the *Cabo de Hornos*, which is shortly to leave Santa Cruz for its cruise towards the South Pole.



THE SINKING OF THE "EIRA," AUGUST 21, 1881



THE KITCHEN IN THE EXPLORERS' HUT

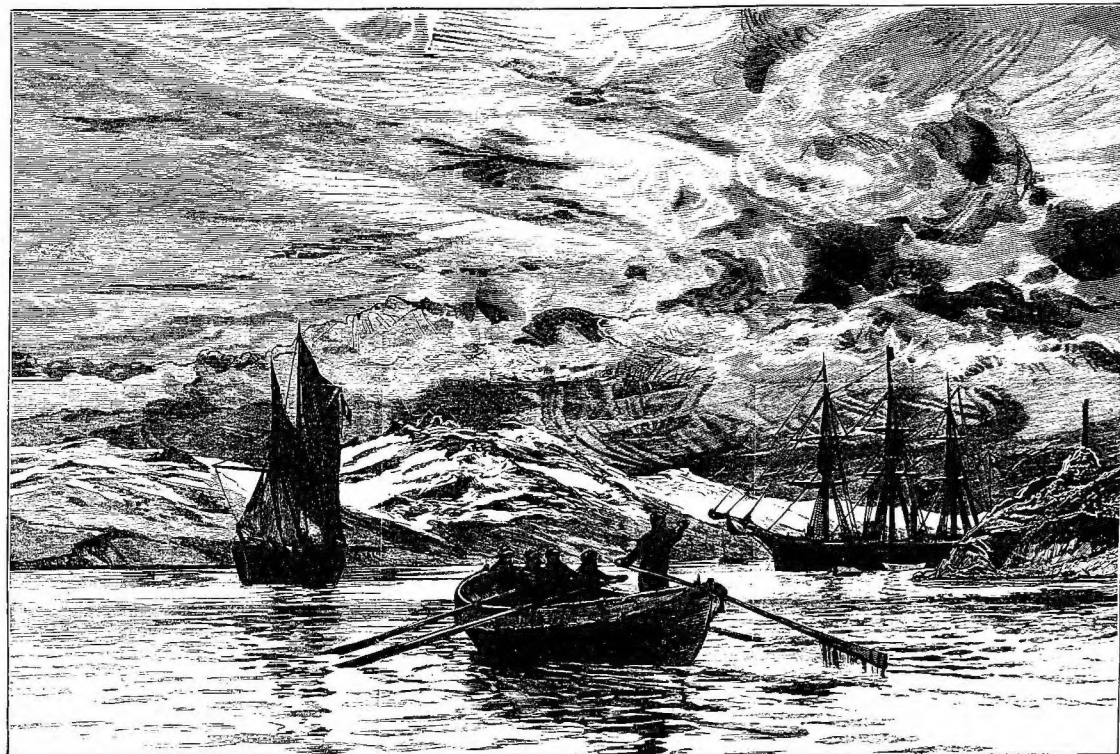


THE EXPLORERS' ENCAMPMENT

Willem Barrens

Boat from the Explorers' Encampment

Hope



THE RESCUE OF THE "EIRA'S" CREW — THE RELIEF OF THE EXPEDITION BY THE "HOPE," AUGUST 3, 1882



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—The military operations of this week have been insignificant. Forced by a variety of circumstances to advance from Ismailia before being suitably prepared, the British expedition is now obliged to remain temporarily quiescent until the transport service is fully organised, and supplies, artillery, and reinforcements are brought to the front. Vexatious as this delay is, it would be the height of rashness to push forward until the British are strong enough not only to avoid any risk of defeat by superior numbers, but to hold the positions gained, and steadily maintain their advance. Unfortunately, this lull greatly benefits the enemy, enabling them both to increase their defences and to recover their spirits, damped by the late defeats, by representing recent events to the disadvantage of the English. Most mendacious accounts of the various encounters are accordingly published in the Arabic papers. Beyond small guerilla expeditions, the Egyptians are as quiet as their invaders, and Arabi is concentrating all his energies on Tel-el-Kebir, where he is stated to have 28,000 men and 80 guns. A strong line of works stretches hence northwards to El Karaim, barring the road to Zagazig, and commanding the railway and the Canal, whilst a large camp has been formed at Salahiyyeh to the north-east, so as to threaten the British flank and the Canal in another direction. Thanks to the Arabs being thoroughly practised in entrenchments, these defences are well constructed, and Arabi has no lack of labourers, as he forces the unwilling to work in chains. Nevertheless, there is little prospect of even these strong defences long resisting the powerful force of British artillery which will shortly be at the front. Every nerve is being strained to concentrate the necessary material at Kassassin, which at present is the British advanced post, but will be used as a base for supplies during the advance. Hitherto, however, progress has been very slow, and the difficulties of communication have been most serious. Both troops and horses were at first kept on short commons of food, the men were obliged to bivouac in reed and corn huts till the tents came up, and medicines and comforts for the wounded were scanty. Again, when the engines arrived they were too old and weak for the work, while the rails were in a hopeless condition, taxing the Engineers' ingenuity to the utmost. Breakdowns in the Desert were frequent, nor could much relief be afforded by the Canal, for the water is so low that launches of any size run aground. Travelling on horseback has been the chief resource, a slow and dangerous way, as the Bedouins are hovering round to pick off solitary riders. Matters, however, are at last mending by the arrival of mules, which are specially valuable in the desert ground, but the work continues very heavy at Ismailia, where the Highland Brigade sent on from Alexandria are obliged to work at the docks for want of native labour. Nevertheless the men are in capital spirits, and cheerfully endure privations and hard work, while, all things considered, their health is fairly good. Many suffer from sun-fever, but are speedily cured, while cases of genuine sun-stroke are rare. Good field hospitals have been established, the worst cases being despatched to Ismailia, and though a few of the wounded have died, the majority are doing well. The water is decidedly better, and some fresh food is now occasionally obtained, as the country people round are encouraged to bring in what produce Arabi's devouring army has spared, and to establish a market. Indeed the British officers take every pains to restore native confidence by kindness, and by releasing as many prisoners as possible. They also try to establish friendly relations with the Bedouins, who harass the troops greatly, picking off isolated vedettes, so that General Graham took a considerable force on Monday to clear out a suspected village near Mahameh. Nobody was found, however, except a few frightened Arabs. A minor skirmish also occurred beyond Kassassin on Wednesday, when a small body of Arab cavalry attacked, but were speedily dispersed. Subsequently General Graham held a general parade, the troops appearing in fine condition. Several smaller reconnaissances have been made, but no very important intelligence has transpired, for what information there is respecting both the enemy and the British plan of operations is kept as close as possible at headquarters. All along the Suez Canal armed pinnaces keep a sharp look-out, and the chief points are garrisoned by Indian troops, who are also in charge of Suez. Here a cholera scare has created great alarm, the International Sanitary Commission trying to impose full quarantine on British transports arriving from India. The reports of the epidemic prove, however, to have been much exaggerated, being ultimately traced to a single case on board a pilgrim vessel for Mecca. Whilst, therefore, Aden is altogether free from the disease, the cases in India are fewer than usual, so that only one day's delay will be imposed on the British vessels.

There has been much more activity lately at Alexandria, where the British have cut the dykes near Mex to flood Lake Mareotis, so as to check the attacks in this direction. Although it will take some weeks to bring the lake to the proper level, this stratagem will be of the greatest use by enabling us to bring up launches and small gunboats on the enemy's flank. Lately this position has been much harassed, and all along the line the Egyptians are especially lively, shelling Ramleh with great industry and improved precision, while it is suspected that this access of energy is intended to cover the withdrawal of the majority of Arabi's troops from Kafr Dowar. Reports of an intended attack last week brought out the Alexandrian garrison in force to Ramleh, with a large contingent of Bluejackets, but the affair proved a false alarm, and the only British movement of note has been the destruction of an outpost at Ramleh, the Maison Carrée, which afforded shelter to the enemy. A small body of Mounted Infantry, organised by Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, do good reconnoitring service, and keep a look-out for spies, who swarm in the British lines, and are allowed to come and go with remarkable impunity. One, however, carried correspondence implicating a Greek official in Alexandria, and this circumstance, together with a large discovery of arms in a mosque, seriously alarmed the Europeans. Altogether Alexandria is in a great state of ferment. The native police are so untrustworthy that they will shortly be disbanded, while the Native Courts established to try the rioters are most unsatisfactory, and resort to inhuman tortures. One notorious criminal, however, is to be hanged this week, the murderer of Messrs. Richardson and Dobson on June 11. A more important rebel, Mahmoud Fehmy, has been brought to Alexandria, and in return for the promise of his life has furnished full details of Arabi's plans and position, together with information implicating many officials now surrounding the Khédive, Cherif Pasha included. Until further investigated his statements must be taken *cum grano*. The water supply gives much trouble, and one day failed entirely, owing to the fall of some ruins. The Mahmoudieh Canal is, however, being reinforced by the rise of the Nile, which is said to have flooded part of the Egyptian defences at Kafr Dowar.

TURKEY, as usual, has spent the week haggling over the Military Convention, but has at last induced England to allow the landing of 2,000 to 3,000 Turkish troops at Port Said, so that the Convention is reported to have been already signed "informally." If the troops go, Dervish Pasha will be in command, with Baker Pasha as second, and several English Captains of the Gendarmerie will accompany

them. At length too the Sultan has issued the disputed proclamation to the Egyptian people, declaring Arabi a rebel, and bidding them obey the Khedive. It recapitulates Arabi's misdemeanours and Turkey's efforts to dissuade him from his present course, which is solely prompted by personal ambition. The document concludes by stating the Porte's intention to support the Khédive. In every way the Porte is now bestirring itself to quell threatening troubles. Efforts are being made to calm TRIPOLI, whence it is reported that 30,000 Bedouins intend to march to support Arabi, and to put down the agitation in SYRIA, where Abd-el-Kader has deferred his pilgrimage to Mecca, to maintain confidence by his presence at Damascus. The quarrel with GREECE about the new frontier has now entered the diplomatic phase. Hostilities have ceased after some serious encounters, in which 400 to 500 men were killed and wounded, and negotiations are now proceeding, the Turks suggesting that the disputed point should be declared neutral till all is settled. The submission of the Kurdish chief Obeidullah, who lately escaped from Constantinople, removes immediate fear of trouble in Persia.

FRANCE.—The arrival of M. de Lesseps has aroused immense interest, and his doings and sayings are reported with the utmost minuteness. M. de Lesseps wisely declines the proposed banquet, but is not equally judicious in his remarks to the numbers who have rushed to interview him. The burden of his song is abuse of the English, whom he styles "the representatives of barbarism," while lauding Arabi as "the representative of progress and civilisation;" and both he and his son furnish the Suez Canal Company with highly-coloured accounts of the violence of our sailors when occupying Ismailia. Captain Fitzroy, who directed the occupation, receives most of the blame, having bitterly offended the eminent engineer by remarking "Now I am the master." M. de Lesseps speaks most highly of the courage of the Canal officials, and prophesies that the war will be long and the issue doubtful for the British.

Though the summer is waning public affairs show little sign of life. M. Grévy is holiday-making in the Jura, M. Gambetta proposes to follow his example in Switzerland, and the Ministers are either taking a vacation or making speeches and unveiling statues in the provinces. The anniversary of the Republic passed off quietly with a few banquets, but some enthusiastic Radicals kept the occasion at Montluçon, in the south-eastern district, by anti-religious demonstrations similar to those at Montreaux-les-Mines. The clergy are bitterly affected by these manifestations, and are preparing a monster popular "pilgrimage of penitence" to the Holy Land for next spring. PARIS has been saddened by a fatal duel between two Bonapartist journalists, MM. de Massas and Dichard, caused by a dispute respecting the rival claims of Prince Victor and his father, and which resulted in the death of M. de Massas, the aggressor. The bad weather is bringing home the Parisians in crowds, and dramatic circles have brought out two novelties, both lugubrious sensation dramas—*La Fille More*, by M. Curat, at the Chateau d'Eau, and *La Criminelle*, by MM. Delacour and Lermina, at the Gaité.

GERMANY has celebrated her great national festival, the anniversary of Sedan, with genuine enthusiasm. Throughout the Empire the day was observed as a general holiday; all towns and villages were gay with flags and decorations, while military parades, banquets, and patriotic speeches, pilgrimages to the graves of the fallen, concerts, illuminations, and festivities of all kinds abounded. With rare good taste, the Germans studiously abstained from any ungenerous expressions towards France, notwithstanding the tempting opportunity afforded by the recent anti-Teutonic demonstrations in Paris, and the whole subject was treated in a sober, patriotic tone. "The German people celebrates this day to its own national joy and satisfaction," declares Prince Bismarck's *North German Gazette*, "not in the spirit of haughty and vain-glorious conceit." Several journals even propose to alter the national *fête* to the date of the proclamation of the Empire—January 18. These festivities have been overshadowed by a terrible railway accident, which has cost fifty-five lives, besides wounding nearly 200 persons. An excursion train, containing 1,200 people, was returning on Sunday night from Freiburg to Colmar when it was thrown off the line near Hugstetten by a telegraph-pole which had been knocked down by a thunderstorm, and was lying across the rails. The engine and eighteen carriages fell down an embankment into a swamp, most of the carriages being smashed to atoms. The dead were sadly mutilated. Another misfortune is the injury caused this summer by the heavy rains and floods. In Wurtemberg alone hail has done damage to the value of 500,000*l.* The grand cavalry manoeuvres have begun this week at Breslau, where the Emperor has now gone, and where Prince Bismarck is also expected. The Prince, however, is deep in clerical disputes, and Herr von Schloezer has gone back to Rome charged to oblige the Vatican to make the next conciliatory advance, as all the German overtures have been useless, and further to point out that no understanding is possible until the difficulty respecting mixed marriages is arranged. Even the majority of the German Catholic journals see the error of this measure, and now advocate that such marriages should be celebrated civilly to obviate the dilemma. These Church troubles will have an enormous influence on the coming elections, for the Ultramontanes recommend electors to support neither Conservatives nor Liberals in particular, but those Deputies who undertake to maintain the Church's authority. Meanwhile fresh efforts are being made to induce the Duke of Cumberland to relinquish his Hanoverian claims for the bribe of succession to the Duchy of Brunswick, and it is further reported that the Duke is somewhat inclined to yield. Prince Bismarck, however, plainly reminds the Duke by his official organ that he will not be allowed to ascend the throne of any German State while both he and the Guelph party adhere to their public statements against the German Government.

RUSSIA.—The Czar has had a narrow escape when returning from witnessing some military manoeuvres at Ishora. A temporary bridge was flung across a deep ravine, and the Czar, Czarina, and Cesarewitch had just crossed over, when the bridge gave way, precipitating the Grand Duke Michael, the War Minister, and many others to the bottom of the ravine. The disaster is ascribed to a torpedo placed there intentionally.—The Governor-General of Kieff has been rebuking the Jews at Balta, where anti-Semitic riots recently occurred.—An attempt to rescue a Nihilist prisoner has failed at Saratoff. By blinding and killing a gaoler the Socialists at first escaped, but were recaptured, with the death of one of the would-be rescuers. Owing also to the Nihilistic tendencies of female medical students, women are no longer to be admitted to study at the Nicolai Military Hospital at St. Petersburg.—Improved communications are planned in Central Asia, where the return of General Tcherniaeff to the scene of his former military successes promises fresh activity. New railways, lines of steamers, and Artesian wells on the commercial routes across the Syr Daria steppes are projected; while we hear of the entire subordination of Merv to Muscovite rule.

INDIA.—The Hindoo-Mahomedan riots at Salem have ceased, and the head rioters are to be tried at once. Unless, however, the local Native Government is reorganised, there does not seem much chance of peace; for, according to the Government inquiry into the former disturbances, the Municipal Council—which does not include a single Mahomedan—actually encouraged the Hindoos to take action in direct contempt of Mussulman prejudices.

MISCELLANEOUS.—AUSTRIA intends to crush Socialism, and a special Committee of Inquiry will be instituted. She also proposes to reduce taxation in Bosnia and Herzegovina, to quell all rising discontent.—ITALY is becoming alarmed at the tide of emigration to America, which has assumed unprecedented numbers this year,

particularly from the Abruzzi and Calabria. The peasants have at last grown weary of poverty and petty oppression, and frequently whole villages leave in a body.—In the UNITED STATES the Trades Unions have held a grand procession in New York, to demonstrate the strength of the working man. Yellow fever is rife in Texas, and President Arthur is said to be suffering from malaria, and is taking a sea trip for his health. Philadelphia intends to celebrate next month the bi-centennial of Penn's landing.—In SOUTH AMERICA the struggle between Chili and Peru is again becoming serious. The Peruvians, conquered, and having nothing to lose, adopt guerilla warfare, and surprise the Chilean garrisons.—In SOUTH AFRICA John Dunn is protesting against Cetewayo's restoration, and Capetown is studying sanitary matters, owing to the rapid spread of small-pox.—Disease, too, in the shape of cholera has decimated Manila, in the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, although the epidemic is now abating.



THE QUEEN arrived at Balmoral at the end of last week, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught with her infant daughter. The Royal party travelled straight from the Isle of Wight, and stopped to breakfast at Perth, where Her Majesty was received by the Duke of Athole, while, as during the Queen's last journey North, the public were only admitted to welcome Her Majesty at the different stations after the train entered Scotland. A guard of honour of the Seaforth Highlanders and a large crowd greeted the Royal travellers at Ballater, whence they drove amidst heavy rain to Balmoral. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. On Monday the Earl and Countess of Kenmare and their eldest son and daughter joined the Royal party at dinner, and next day the Queen and Princesses drove to the Ballochbuie Forest, to witness the "fire kindling" in Her Majesty's new shield on the Denzil Haugh. The Queen will remain in the Highlands until early in November.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family remain in Germany, but start on their return home early next week. The Royal party at Wiesbaden has been joined by the Queen of Greece, who has been visiting her family in Russia.

The Duke of Albany has recovered from his illness very rapidly, and, indeed, is so far convalescent that he was able to leave on Wednesday for a short sea cruise in the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht *Lively*, accompanied by the Duchess. On his departure the Duke received from the inhabitants of East Cowes a congratulatory address on his marriage, the presentation having been delayed in consequence of his illness. The Duke and Duchess travel North in the *Lively* to join the Queen. The Duke of Connaught continues very well in Egypt, and remains with the Guards in their camp at Mahuta.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne left Quebec at the end of last week, and after spending a few days at Niagara, started on their way to British Columbia, *via* Chicago and San Francisco. The American Government has deputed a special official to attend the Princess and Marquis during their passage through the United States, and San Francisco is highly excited at the prospect of the Princess's visit.



THE SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT in the health of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which set in a few days since, has been steadily maintained throughout the week, though all cause for anxiety is not yet removed. The Primate's mind is perfectly clear, and the dangerous drowsiness has not returned since Saturday. Special prayer, it is said, was read for him on Sunday in several Nonconformist churches.

THE VICAR'S RATE WAR in Coventry has entered into another phase, through the seizure of goods in the houses of ten Dissenters, against whom distraint warrants had been issued; an eleventh defaulter contrived to lock the officers out. The Nonconformists now contend not only that the rate is tyrannous, but that it has for some time been illegally levied in at least ten streets, the Boundary Act of 1843, by which the area of many wards was enlarged, having expressly provided that the area of the rate should not be in any way affected thereby. The anti-rate agitation has now spread from Holy Trinity to the adjoining parish of St. Michael, where a large number of ratepayers have refused to pay.

ANOTHER SALE UNDER DISTRAINT for ordinary and extraordinary tithes has been held on a farm at Chart Sutton, Kent. For the first time it was sought to secure payment half-yearly, instead of yearly. There was a large attendance of persons belonging to the Anti-Extraordinary Tithe Association.

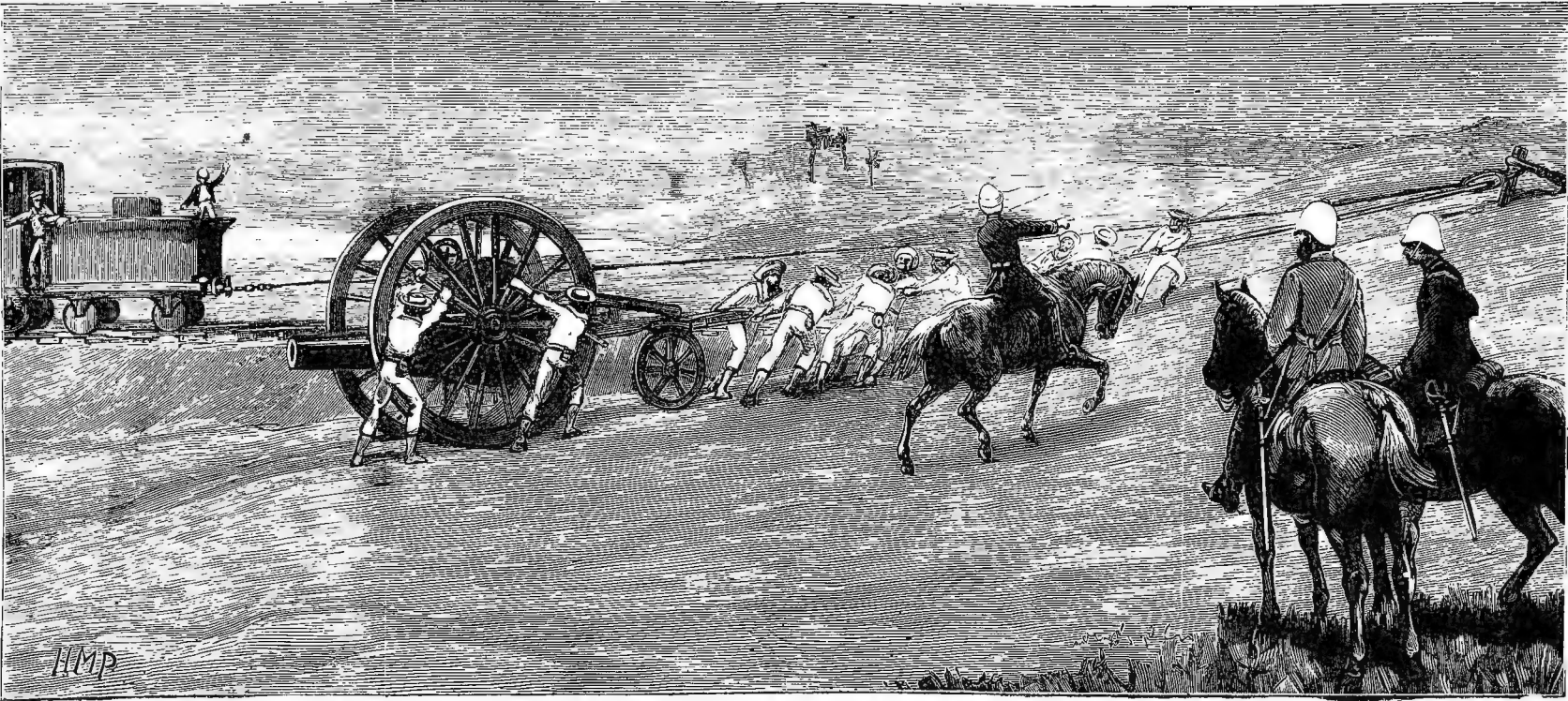
A PASTORAL STAFF of ivory and silver, set with precious stones, was presented last week to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The staff, which cost 450*l.*, was designed by the diocesan architect, and subscribed for by the clergy and laity of the diocese. Archdeacon Denison read a congratulatory address on the occasion.

IN REPLY TO A LETTER from the Chairman of the Movement for a Free Day at St. Paul's, Mr. Gladstone writes to say that his confidence in "the sound judgment" of Dean Church would make him unwilling "to join in any proceeding which might look like pressure." If, however, "the cost of providing attendance is an obstacle," he would be happy to subscribe towards meeting the charge. At a conference on Saturday of the promoters of the movement it was resolved that meetings should be organised as soon as possible in the nine metropolitan constituencies, and that the Parliamentary representatives should be invited to attend.

THE CHURCH OF ST. VEDAST, which had been closed for two years in consequence of the inhibition of the Rev. Pelham Dale, was reopened last Sunday by the Rev. Sparrow Simpson, D.D., the new Rector of the now united parishes of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, and St. Matthew, Friday Street. The service was choral, but to plain tunes, and the objectionable Ritualistic emblems were nowhere to be seen. As St. Matthew's will shortly be demolished, St. Vedast's will be the parish church of the new living.

THE FUND FOR A NEW BISHOPRIC OF SOUTHWELL, to be cut out of the existing dioceses of Lincoln and Lichfield, has now reached 35,296*l.*, of which Lincolnshire contributes 8,707*l.*, and Notts 5,215*l.* A meeting in aid of the movement will be held during the approaching Church Congress at Derby, and will be attended by Bishops Wordsworth and Maclagan.

THE RECTORY OF SOMERSHAM, in Huntingdonshire, which since the time of James I. has formed part of the endowment of the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, will hereafter be separated from the Professorship. A new Vicarage of Somersham will then be constituted, of which the Bishop will be the patron.



BLUE-JACKETS FROM H.M.S. "INCONSTANT" HAULING INTO POSITION AT RAMLEH A 7-TON GUN ON A SLING WAGGON
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



THE OCCUPATION OF THE SUEZ CANAL—THE MARINES LANDING AT ISMAILIA
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

Of the income of the living, one-half will still go to endow the Professorship, the other half to the new Vicar.

AT A GREAT MEETING last Monday at the Oldham Skating Rink, "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, referring to the affair at Hanley, declared that "an officer who chose to break rules could not remain in the army. They subscribed on entrance to certain regulations, and these regulations forbade the acceptance of presents." Much confusion was caused as the audience was dispersing by some miscreant placing cayenne pepper under the platform. "Gipsy Smith," the seceding "captain," has consented, it is said, to remain in the Potteries, and is assisted by several evangelists from London.—The Prince's Theatre at Bradford has been taken by the Army at a rent of 300*l.* a year.



BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Little more remains to be said of this almost exceptionally prosperous meeting. The second performance of *The Redemption*, which brought it to an end on Friday night (September 1), while as fully attended and as loudly applauded, was in no sense equal to the first, although the composer wielded the *bâton* with even more than his usual and somewhat eccentric energy. Truth is that both chorus and orchestra were well-nigh exhausted after the week's toil, a result with which M. Gounod himself, by his fidgety desire for a perfection of detail impossible of attainment in the circumstances, had no little to do. The second hearing, however, by no means weakened the impression created by its precursor, and *The Redemption* will assuredly figure conspicuously in forthcoming records of the Birmingham Festival of 1882. The principal singers, as before, were Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Marie Roze; Messrs. Lloyd, Cummings, Foli, King, and Santley, who, by their zeal and unflagging attention, did credit to themselves, while giving all imaginable effect to the music with the interpretation of which they were entrusted. It, indeed, may be safely asserted that had not the popular and exacting French musician insisted upon an extra full rehearsal, after declaring publicly his entire satisfaction with its precursor in Birmingham Town Hall, the general effect would have been more satisfactory in proportion. About the merits of the work itself no more need be said till it is submitted to the judgment of a London audience, which will be appealed to not long hence at the Royal Albert Hall, under the superintendence, if we are not mistaken, of Mr. Joseph Barnby. With so practised a chief, and excellent a musician, it will be as carefully studied, and enjoy as fair a chance of impartial consideration, as though the author himself (both of the literary text and the music, by the way) were to hold the stick. Until then we bid adieu to *The Redemption*, with a sincere wish that all which has been predicted of it may be realised—not, let us add, as the beginning of a new era and a new form of "oratorio," which some critics are inclined to think; for that is sheer nonsense, M. Gounod's work, despite its varied beauties, having no solid pretensions to the name of oratorio, for the justifiable assumption of which something considerably deeper is a matter of strict necessity. On the other hand, M. Gounod may content himself with the universally admitted fact, that he has given to the world a composition as charming as, in its way, it is original, and that his prevalent "leit-motive" is in every amateur's head and on every amateur's lips. *Psyche*, the new secular cantata, by Herr Niels Gade, a general favourite, whose talent is only excelled by his utter absence of assumption, will also not long hence be heard in London; and just now we must be satisfied with recording its complete and well-merited success—a success for which Birmingham amateurs had been prepared in advance by other works written expressly for their Festival, and received with equal favour. That Herr Gade is a composer in the school of Mendelssohn, his first discoverer and promoter, musical readers scarcely require to be told—any more than that his writing for voices and his orchestral scoring are as finished and as brightly coloured as becomes the imitator of so great and fascinating a model. Whatever some of our self-appointed instructors may argue, we are not yet quite extricated from Mendelssohn's "leading-strings;" and in this particular Herr Gade stands much in the same predicament as M. Gounod himself—which textual quotations from both *The Redemption* and *Psyche* might amply serve to show. Under his unobtrusive and skilful direction, Herr Gade's cantata obtained an execution little short of perfect; and fortunate in such leading vocalists as Madame Marie Roze (*Psyche*), Miss E. Farnol, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, all must have gone to his satisfaction. The work and its composer were received with unanimous cordiality—and no wonder. To Mr. Gaul's sacred cantata, *The Holy City*, we have referred, and it only remains to state that, as the work of a local composer, it was naturally welcomed with the utmost cordiality, to which, however, it is a pleasing duty to add that its own intrinsic merits fully justified the applause bestowed upon it, and that the performance, under the direction of the composer, with Madames Trebelli and Patey, Misses Anna Williams and Emilie Harris (a "local" professor, we believe), Messrs. Maas and F. King as principal singers, was all that could be wished. Mr. Stockley, the able chorus-master for the Birmingham Festivals, conducted, and a loud call was made for the composer at the end. *The Holy City*, too, we hear, is to be given in London. So much the better, this being the *Ultima Thule* of a native artist's ambition. About the new Symphony of Mr. Hubert Parry and the "Orchestral Serenade" of Mr. Villiers Stanford, both belonging, more or less, to the "advanced" school, we shall doubtless, thanks to the eclectic Mr. August Manns, hear more, at no distant date, in the Crystal Palace. Mozart's incomparable G minor Symphony, Cherubini's magnificent Fourth Mass (in C), and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, to praise any one of which would be superfluous, all splendidly given, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who, in spite of his recent severe illness, was the life and soul of the Festival, added materially to the attractions of this unusually varied programme, further enriched, it should be added, by Sir Julius Benedict's secular cantata, *Graciosa*, a worthy companion to his *Richard Cœur de Lion* and St. Cecilia, the performance of which, conducted by the esteemed and veteran composer himself, with Mesdames Marie Roze and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and King as leading singers, was received, as it deserved, with frequent and long continued applause. That to the imperishable *Messiah* a whole day was devoted may be taken for granted.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—The 159th meeting of the Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester begins on Tuesday.

WALFS.—Another "improved version" of Da Ponte's *Don Giovanni*, which Mozart immortalised by his music, is about to be presented at the Leipzig Opera. The authors are Herr Grandauer and Herr van Wolzogen, whose best excuse is that they have restored not only the duet for Zerlina and Leporello, but the second *finale* as it originally stood in the score, though time out of mind omitted as a rule. Otherwise this interference with the plan of a recognised masterpiece would have no colourable plea for toleration.

THE CURIOUS VENOMOUS MEXICAN LIZARD now housed in the Zoological Gardens lives solely upon eggs. It pierces the shell, and empties the contents so deftly that nest-robbing is supposed to be the creature's mode of subsistence at home.

ARTANE AND CABRA

If the misery in Dublin is great, very great also are the efforts to lessen it. Hospitals, old and new, from Madam Steevens's and Swift's and the Rotunda to the huge Mater Misericordiae; refuges; penitentiaries; blind readers' societies; schools of all kinds; every sort of effort, both by Protestants and Catholics, to raise people out of that low type which is inevitable to the "residuum" of a town population that drinks (when it does drink water) very questionable stuff, and that lives by a river whose banks, when the tides are very low (once a month, that is), are as unsavoury as the Thames used to be before the main drainage works. Mr. Bright's "residuum" is just the word; for the more enterprising, *i.e.*, healthier and sturdier Dublin workmen emigrated in great numbers on more than one occasion, notably when the laws intended to ruin the Irish woollen trade in the interest of English manufacturers began to tell. The helpless, the ne'er-do-weels, were naturally left behind; and their descendants give full scope for the abundant charity of which one sees signs in every poor neighbourhood. If it wasn't for this, the walk through streets like Lower Mary's Street and Pill Lane might almost make one despair. I am going to Christ Church Cathedral; the glorious bells are chiming out across the river; and here am I, lost in a series of Petticoat Lanes, each frowzier and more squalid than the last. There are the old clothes and the old rags, and there are the sellers—of the usual types; pale and weakened, or bloated. There don't seem many buyers this Sunday morning; probably I'm too late; the few passers by are hurrying to a big chapel, not beautiful, but old and therefore popular, outside which a brisk trade is being done in holy pictures, framed in tinsel, the only signs of "culture" I saw in all that dreary walk. By this time I wasn't in a very fit frame of mind to admire the waggone from the Viceregal Lodge which came dashing through the slums on its way to the Cathedral, nor to enjoy the fine chanting, and the dim religious light (gas in the choir), and the sermon. Oddly enough, it was on "moderation in food, an article in which the Pill Laners and Strand Street folks are hardly likely to indulge to excess. I should not have been able to go to the Cathedral at all, had I not in one of those back streets seen "Presentation Convent, Sisters of Mercy" (they who "present their bodies a living sacrifice"), and in another "Christian Brothers' School," both which reminded me that good was being done to those who have not enough, as well as to those who have too much to eat.

These Christian brothers have come to the front not because they are more self-denying and devoted than other workers—they would be the very first to put aside such a notion—but because of the nature of their work. Throughout Ireland (I don't speak of what they are doing in England) they have taken in hand Industrial Schools; and so they are more *en evidence* than the equally meritorious workers among sick poor and unfortunate girls. Everybody who goes to Dublin should try to see the great place at Artane, where they have been working for twelve years with 700 boys, whom they train to be bakers, tailors, cooks, gardeners, white-smiths, blacksmiths, weavers, &c. A boy's trade is chosen according to that of his father or uncle, unless of course he shows a strong natural aptitude for something else. The children are not criminals, but orphans or "waifs," sent by a magistrate's order; the State pays five shillings a week; to which the Corporation adds two shillings and sixpence for the Dublin boys, who naturally are the large majority. What delighted me was the fresh air in dormitories and workrooms. The former are large; there are four for 175 each; every row of beds has its monitor, and a brother sleeps in each room. But in spite of the number of beds the ventilation was perfect; I wish the "cubicles" in a good many expensive grammar schools that I know were half as fresh. The workrooms were crowded, owing to the sad fire which lately destroyed all the workshops; but still they were quite free from any trace of foul air. A room 100 feet long by 30 wide, and 18 high, can bear a good deal of crowding. One of these four big rooms was full of the younger boys mending and making clothes. At one end the youngest were learning crochet; groups of three and four round boy captains. The walls were lined with young hand-knitters, and down the middle were older boys working those knitting machines which I wish had never come over from America. They were very proud of them, however, and one lad explained to me in a way that would have enlightened any one who was not hopelessly dull about machinery how the "ribbing attachment" works, and what an advantage it is, for the socks made by the old machine had to be finished by hand. Other boys were doing freetwork; others were weaving towelling. One sagacious little fellow was cutting out shirts, his apprentice (he himself was fourteen years old) standing by and watching every movement. The shirts are in four patterns, one for each dormitory—a ready means of recognising what part of the house a boy belongs to. In the long corridor, separated from this workroom by a partly-glazed partition, were several pianos and harmoniums, at which, as we walked through, boys were amusing themselves. Some of them played very nicely; but, if you go, ask Andrew Keane to sing you "Savourneen Deelish." It is something one seldom hears, that most touching of all ballads so beautifully rendered.

The chapel is not yet finished (what a help Keane must be in the services), and the refectory is only planned. But cooks are being trained meanwhile; that very day, I was told, two had been sent to places got for them in Dublin hotels. We were just in time to see a batch of bread drawn. The master baker is a "brother" like the rest. You wonder that they don't, instead of that spongy baker's bread which I find uneatable if not toasted, make "whole meal" cakes, seeing that they grind their own corn, and therefore have all the materials on the spot. "So we do make them for the Society," said the brother baker; "but the boys have been brought up at home on white bread, and they won't eat the other." In the same way the brothers have not yet been able to make them eat stirabout. It was tried; and "I used to grieve (said our guide) over the quantity that was daily carried away to the pigs." This seems to me the one weakness of Artane; with twenty-five cows they ought to be able to make their stirabout so toothsome that even street urchins should see how superior it is to bread and cocoa. That is the breakfast and supper diet; for dinner potatoes and meat thrice a week, and soup (good soup it was) on the other flesh days. Rice is used a little, but is not much more popular than stirabout. Puddings are not understood in the homes from which these children come. The best proof that they are well fed is found in their healthy look, and in their absolute freedom from sickness. Artane is on good high ground. You go to it, if you are economical, by the Clontarf tram, and then walk up the hill past Lord Charlemont's park—bought by Cardinal Cullen for a big reformatory which is now half finished. But its situation alone is not sufficient to account for the fact that there has not been a case of fever for six months, and that on the day of my chance visit the infirmary was wholly empty. One help to health is the lunch—milk and a slice of bread, given to the little boys. The boys look happy, too, as well they may, up here out of the smoke and squalor of Dublin slums; and they are evidently on the best of terms with the devoted men who give up their lives to training them for the battle of life. In the playground we came upon a string of urchins at leapfrog; and they were so pleased to meet a "brother" unawares, and he was so delighted to help a little fellow over a back that was too broad for him. These men have the secret of managing boys without "managing" the life out of them. I was glad to hear that the elder fellows come back very often to see the old place where they learnt how to help themselves. Once a month friends are admitted. The number placed out every year averages 200. None have as yet been sent abroad, there is too much demand for them in

Ireland itself. Boys of sixteen (that is the age for leaving; they come in at nine), who can manage a horse and know something of gardening are always in request, and those who have a special trade are pretty sure to be snapped up. When out of work, they can always come in and take a spell of "task work," earning not high but sufficient wages, till they find an opening.

It was sad to see the ruins of the workshop—everything destroyed except the steam engine and a power loom, and one or two other machines which a clever "brother" is putting into order. Meanwhile they use handlooms for their tweeds (they make their own cloth, just as they kill their own mutton, and grow their own grapes). That fire cost them 4,000*l.*; they were not insured, because the buildings were only temporary; the sum spent on building alone is 35,000*l.*, and there is not a shilling wasted on useless ornament. Its fine proportions are all the building has to depend on for appearance. There are twenty brothers, who have a long probation (eleven years) during which they renew their vows from year to year. They are given up to their work, and to nothing else—"cannot aspire even to the diaconate," have a chaplain who is not one of themselves. That was De la Salle's ordinance when he founded the Society rather more than two centuries ago. I don't think they make enough of him; I'd rather see him than "St. Aloysius patron of schoolboys," whose very graceful statue is in the midst of one of the rooms. But, statue or no statue, his work has thriven marvellously; who can calculate the effect of 200 well-trained lads sent out yearly to leaven the mass of Irish ignorance? That the brothers are doing a grand work is proved by the high praise which Sir John Lentaigne, the Government Inspector, gives to their schools.

Cabra is another of their works. I saw in the Exhibition such excellent harness "made by the deaf and dumb boys of Cabra," that I made up my mind to buy there a few little things that I wanted. Cabra is not far from the Phoenix; from the terrace of the school you get a glimpse of the Viceregal Lodge. Near it is a similar school for deaf and dumb girls, under the energetic Mother Dominic, who manages successfully not only a large institution but a large farm, and of whose tact and organising power and true kindness Protestant ladies have spoken to me in the highest terms. There are also other religious houses at Cabra, a lonely suburb, with few houses, but very fine cabbage and turnip fields, and splendid views of the Dublin mountains and the country towards Howth. Here the Christian Brothers' school is remarkable for the same fresh air and cleanliness that prevailed at Artane. Of course, the inmates are not all so healthy-looking—deaf mutes are seldom quite right in the lungs; but they are just as cheerful. How should they be otherwise with such cheerful loving "brother" moving about among them? Among these brothers, by the way, was a probationer of seventeen; he would have ten years to make up his mind about his vocation. The museum is a great thing for these deaf mutes. They are naturally fond of what strikes the eye; next to objects that can be handled they like illustrated books, of which there is a good quantity in the pleasant round room where they spend their winter evenings. The brothers are very proud of their handwriting; some pieces of poetry, splendidly written out, are framed and hung around, but they are only samples of handwriting; rhythm and cadence and, of course, rhyme are things they can form no conception of. Besides the double-handed alphabet (in which my young companion was able to talk with them), and the more difficult single-handed alphabet, they use signs—always preferring to "sign" among themselves. One boy "signed" the Lord's Prayer for us, his co-workers reverently looking on. Saddlery is just now their only trade, except shoemaking, tailoring, baking, gardening, farm-work, horse-shoeing, and the other crafts needed for the wants of the place. Brushmaking was given up; "most of the boys are returned to their own parishes; and what would a fellow do brushmaking down in a Kerry village?" A good many boys, mostly of Irish parentage, come from England; and getting them to and fro for the holidays needs careful arrangements by the brother-in-charge. There are about 200 of them under ten brothers. The parish guardians pay yearly 15*l.* a piece; there are besides a few pensioners who pay 30*l.* Here, too, the big fellows often come back to spend some time among their old friends. Were I one of them I should be apt to come back perhaps too often, that is if all the brothers are so cheerful and good-natured as Brother Devlin, who kindly showed us everything. He has been forty years at work, and is as fresh as if he was a first year's probationer. Here, and at Artane, the visitor is treated with the same courtesy which I always meet with from my brethren and sisters of the Roman obedience. At Artane I got in, heated and travel-stained, in the midst of a shower; but I was just as heartily welcomed as if I'd driven up in a coach and pair. Cabra has its asphalted playground (football is a great game with the poor lads), and its gymnasium (swings, trapeze, &c.), in a playfield. They have twenty acres, and keep lots of fowls, besides cows and sheep. As we left we came upon a happy troop gathering flowers for the chapel. I wish I could afford to give them stained-glass instead of the paper transparency—of which, nevertheless, the effect is by no means bad, in their east window. But I've said enough to show that you've not seen all that Dublin has to show if you go away without visiting one of the large Christian Brothers' schools. Help them, too, if you can. I need not point out that the rate of payment is not enough to make them wholly independent. Buy something. I can vouch for the Cabra saddlery; and, but for the fire, Artane would have been well represented in the Exhibition. If you deserve the Cathedral preacher's hint about luxury in food, feed more simply, and hand over what you thereby save to those who have so abundantly proved that they know how to make good use of it.

HENRY STUART FAGAN



MAGNA CHARTA was successfully appealed to by a Thames angler, who was summoned before the Bench for taking a trout between the Thames Eyot and the Berks shore at Maidenhead in a part of the river alleged to be the private fishery of a Mr. Lewis. An attempt to show a sixty years' title was triumphantly foiled by the counter argument that any grant of the fishery must be shown to have been obtained as far back as the last year of Henry II., subsequent to which the power of making such grants was taken away from the Crown by Magna Charta. The summons was accordingly dismissed, though the magistrates consented to grant a case for a superior Court.

UNLICENSED PRACTITIONERS who pass themselves off upon the poor as doctors have received this week some sharp lessons. Ten pounds and five guineas costs has been the fine inflicted on Mr. William Henry Viner, who had bought the dispensary of a Dr. Berdoe, and not content with retaining the doctor's name upon the premises without permission, had signed it, equally without authority, to the certificate of the death of a little girl. The mother of the child averred that had she not taken the pretender for Dr. Berdoe, she would never have called him in to attend her daughter.—A verdict of manslaughter has been returned against Dr. Kane's assistant, Dudley Power, beneath whose hands the porter Carroll died last week, and whose sole qualification seems to have been that he once walked a hospital in America; and a

(Continued on page 262)



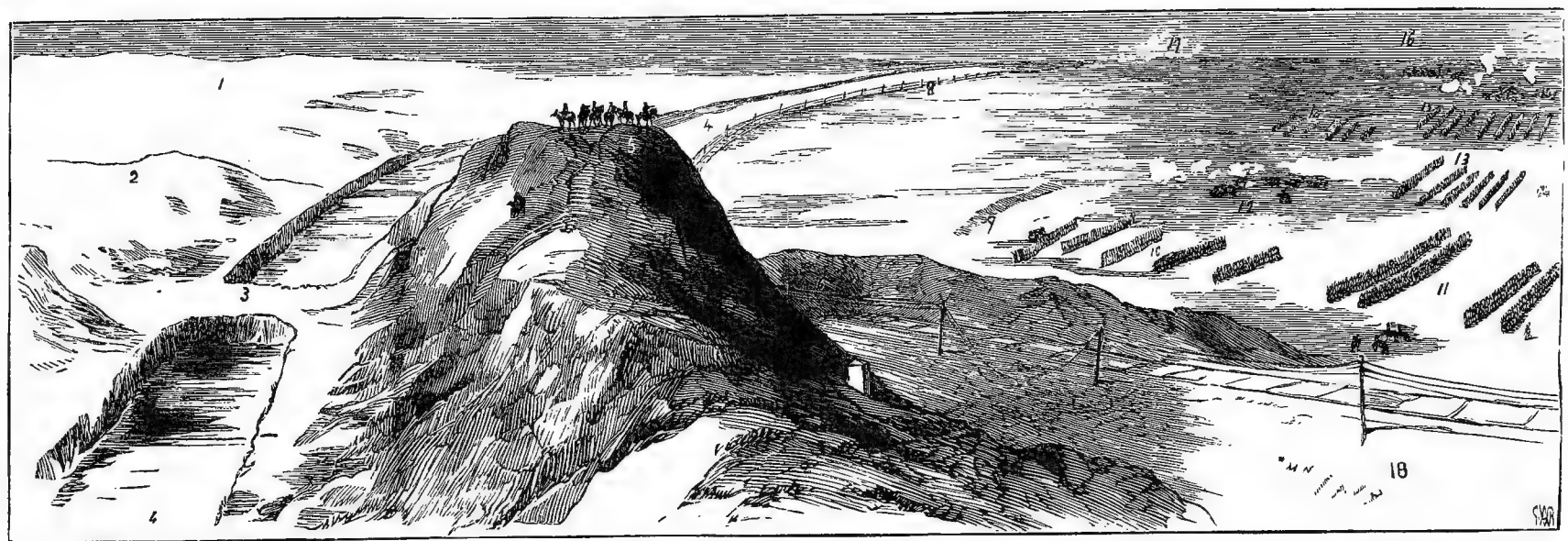
PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMY
Brother of the Khedive of Egypt



MR. LEIGH SMITH
Commander of the "Eira" Arctic Expedition



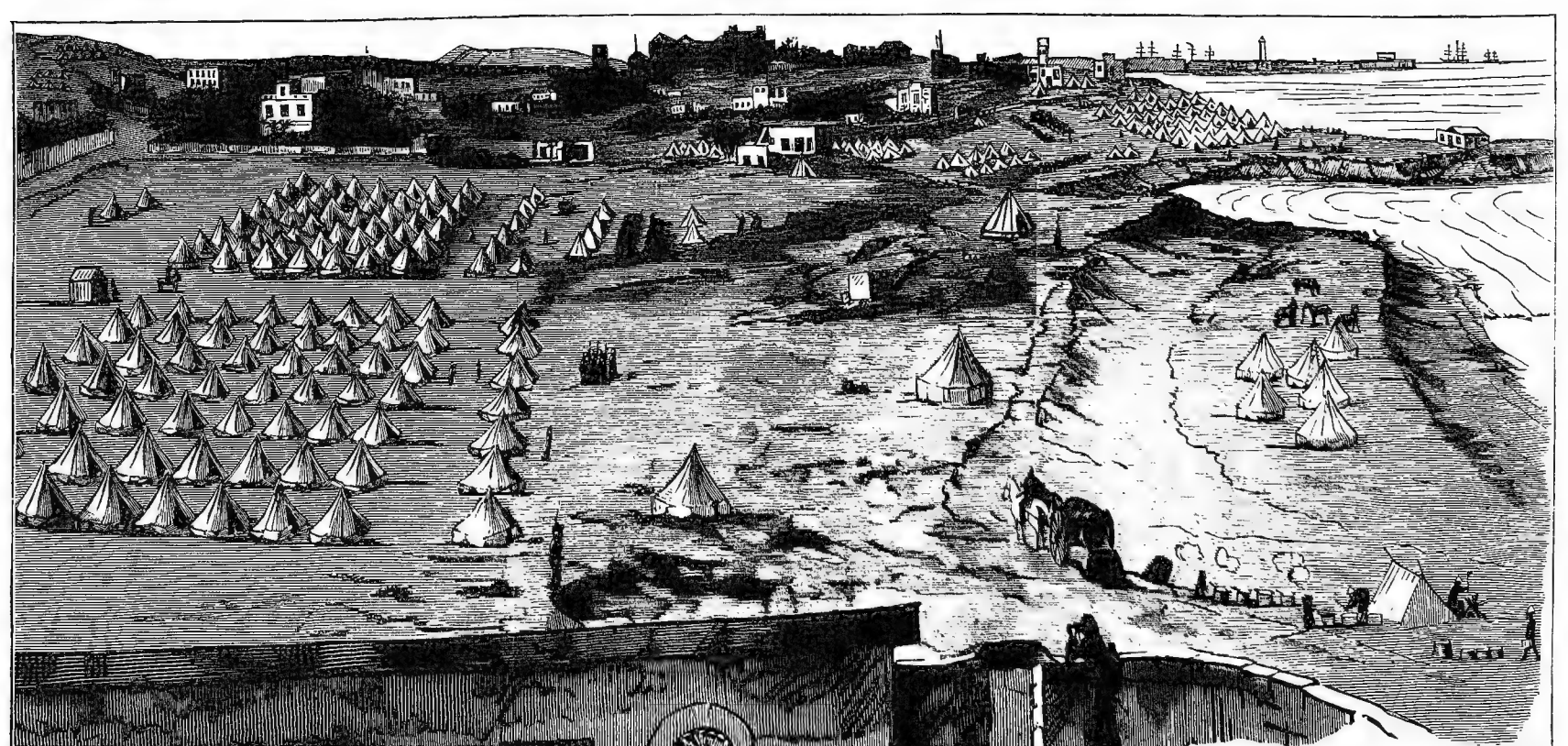
MR. THOMAS SHAW, D.L.
New M.P. for Halifax



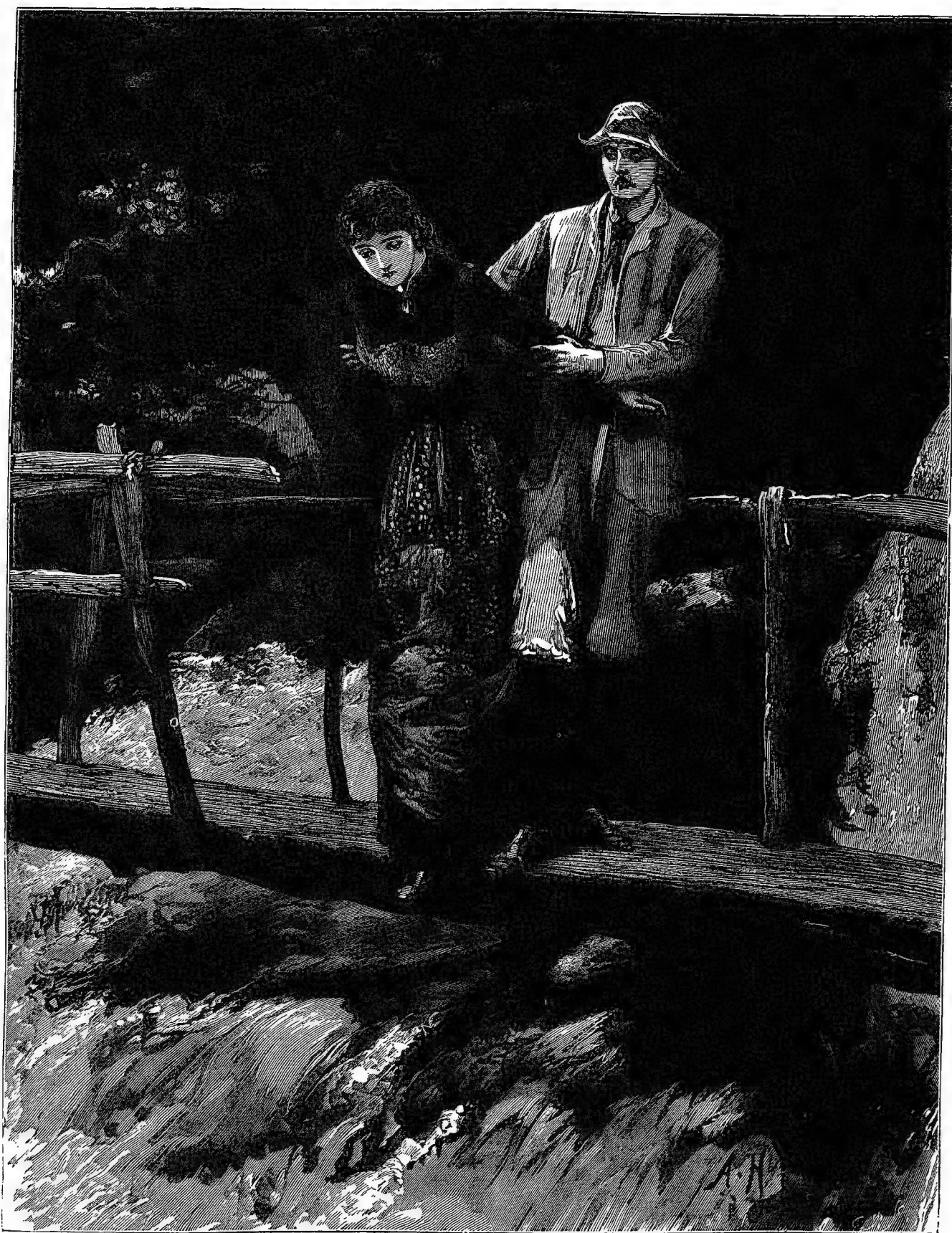
1. Plain with Little Vegetation.—2. Sand Hills about 40 ft. High.—3. Dam of Sand.—4. The Fresh-Water Canal.—5. Sir Garnet Wolseley, The Dukes of Connaught, Teck, and Staff Officers.—6. Dam of Sand on the Railway.—7. Deserted Tents.—8. The Railway Along Which the Enemy Retreated.—9. Line of Rifle Pits.—10. The York and Lancaster Regiments.—11. Second Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.—12. Royal Horse Artillery.—13. Marines and Coldstream Guards.—14. Grenadier Guards.—15. Scots Guards.—16. The Enemy's Camp.—17. Smoke of Retreating Trains.—18. Graves.

THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE POSITION OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AND STAFF DURING THE ENGAGEMENT AT MAHUTA, AUGUST 25
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

Camp of the 1st Battalion of Shropshire Regiment Mess House of the Cameron Highlanders (late 49th Highlanders) Mess House of the Black Watch Khedive's Palace, Ramleh Camp of the 1st Gordon Highlanders (late 75th Regiment) Fort Pharos
Camp of the Black Watch (42nd Highlanders) Camp of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry (late 74th Regiment) Camp of the Cameron Highlanders (late 79th Highlanders) Signal Station of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders (late 75th Regiment) Alexandria British Fleet



THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE CAMP OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT RAMLEH, ALEXANDRIA
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Frank found himself alone with Trenna upon the little rustic bridge that spanned the waterfall.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

RACHEL'S MUDDLE.

THE revelation of a baseness in a girl we respect is as the backsliding of the righteous; it opens probabilities where the Impossible once stopped the way, and makes one distrustful of human nature. That Trenna Garston should have acknowledged herself to be a thief upset all the theories which Frank Meade had formed of girls, and indeed of his fellow creatures generally. He had a general idea that women were impulsive, and that some of them allowed their feelings—in matters where the other sex were concerned—to carry them to great extremities; but that an apparently well-principled young lady should stoop to commit a sordid crime, had been hitherto beyond the range of his imagination. He had entertained a respect as well as a tender regard for Trenna, but he would have been less astonished and shocked that he was at present if he had heard that she had run away with a black man.

He had told her indeed that he could not believe, even though he heard it from her own lips, that she had stolen her fathers' bank-notes; but when he came to think of the matter he did believe it. Of two wholly improbable things—namely that Trenna Garston was a thief, or that Trenna Garston, being in her sane mind, had falsely accused herself of being so—he chose the less improbable. In the former case there was at least a motive; she might have been in want of the money; in the latter there was absolutely none. But

he was staggered and stunned by it as from a blow with a bludgeon. When he left the Grey House he did not go straight home, but took a lonely road that led to the sea-shore, and paced the sand in great perturbation of mind. This was quite a new state of things with him. His nature was philosophic, his studies were scientific, his views and habits were practical. In the presence of physical calamity he was prompt but never hurried; no emergency, however sudden or serious, caused him to lose his head. Under all circumstances he had hitherto been master of himself, if not of the situation; but the present case lay altogether out of his experience. Nor were his natural good sense and judgment at his command as usual, by reason of the intensity of his feelings. So overcome he was with wonder and distress of mind, that the mere practical difficulties that lay in his way concerning the stoppage of the action for libel, and the satisfaction of Abel's wounded feelings, for the moment failed to strike him. Yet they were by no means insignificant. He had found it easy enough to persuade Mr. Garston to drop proceedings, which was the very thing the attorney secretly wished to do; but he had not succeeded in obtaining either apology or compensation. The former he would therefore have to invent, and find the latter out of his own pocket. For Trenna's sake it would be necessary to draw very largely upon his imagination; and bitterly did he regret the precipitancy with which he had undertaken the cause of the innocent, and set lance in rest against the oppressor.

In the end he had to make use of Trenna herself to extricate him from the difficulty,—a course he adopted with less unwillingness than would be supposed at the first glance, since upon reflection he felt that it was the best one for her own interests; since, though it drew attention to her, it would necessarily remove suspicion from the neighbourhood of the actual truth.

Frank represented to his father that Mr. Garston, being proud and obstinate, was willing enough to pursue his plans to the bitter end, even though with the certainty of defeat.

"I am glad of it," said the Doctor. "That's good news. We'll trounce him."

"No doubt," rejoined Frank; "but in so doing we shall in our turn bring the innocent to grief. Even as it is the Grey House is as a Gehenna to his poor daughter."

"Ah, I see," returned the old man, with melancholy significance. "My dear Frank, you are not as other sons are to their father; you have never given me hitherto the least cause for annoyance; but upon my life, if you are seriously thinking of making that young woman your wife you will go far to restore the average."

Here Frank faltered a moment, not as to the sense of what he should reply, but as to the form; as a lover he had done with Trenna; the confession which had gone nigh to kill her had cured him, but his hesitation was of the greatest help to the object he had in view. The Doctor apprehended an avowal of his son's

affection for the attorney's daughter, and had that look on his face which a man wears when he expects the worst.

"I pity Trenna Garston very much," returned Frank, earnestly, "but it is not that pity, father—I give you my honour—which is akin to love."

"Thank Heaven for that," answered the other, with a sigh that told of a weight removed. "Nothing else matters a dump then."

Which indeed proved to be the case; nay, the Doctor was so grateful to his son for not having involved himself with Trenna, that he felt a tender commiseration for the girl upon her own account, and chimed in with all his plans for the mitigation of her troubles.

"If the old hunk repents of his obstinacy, and will afford solid satisfaction to Abel, I don't see why you and I should trouble ourselves about the matter further. It is certainly very pleasant to have Garston keeping at arm's length and to know he is not going to speak through his nose to you when one meets him; but as you say, it is hard on the girl. Well, you've only to smooth over old Rachel a bit, and the thing is done."

It was not money, as Frank was well aware, that was requisite for this smoothing process. There were many mothers, in a much higher position than Rachel Deeds, who in such a case would have been willing enough to put their family pride in their pockets if a liberal supply of something else had been placed in the same receptacle. But Rachel was too consumed with anger on her son's account to think of greed. She wanted Mr. Garston's blood rather than his money, only she did not express herself so melodramatically. "What I do desire, Mr. Frank," she naively confessed, when that young gentleman "interviewed" her the next morning, "is to see that old villain's nose brought down to the grindstone."

Mr. Garston's nose was a very large one, so we will charitably hope that she only intended to reduce it to ordinary limits; but the tone in which she spoke was relentless enough. "It is there already, my good Rachel," returned Frank, soothingly; "he is as sorry as he can be that he made any charge against Abel. If he had not gone off his head through rage at the loss of his money he could never have made such a mistake."

"Then let him go to 'Sizes and lose some more, for that's what t'other lawyer tells me he is sure to do."

"No doubt, but there's a way of punishing him worse than that, Rachel. Nothing hurts him as you say like having to pay money. Now, besides having to own himself in the wrong, which practically he has already done, I mean to make him pay Abel a good round sum in the way of compensation."

Old Rachel shook her head. "No money can repay my Abel for the loss of his good name. No, no, what I want to see is that old villain in the box, and Counsellor Trelawny asking him questions."

"But think of his poor children, Rachel."

"Did he think of mine when he sent the policeman for Abel?"

"But you know the Bible tells us that we should return good for evil."

"Well, since you have asked me, Mr. Frank," said Rachel, doggedly, "I had rather the matter went to the 'Sizes.'"

She was a good woman, but this was a case when she evidently preferred the Law to the Gospel.

"It will distress poor Maud to the last degree," said Frank, as if to himself.

"What has Miss Maud to do with it?" put in the old woman sharply. "She does not care how Lawyer Garston is harried by the Counsellor."

"Certainly not; but Mr. Garston's counsellor will be harrying her, remember. Think how your own Lucy dreads the assize day, though what she says will be for her brother's sake. Miss Maud, it is true, would have gone through anything for Abel, had it been necessary; but when all this can be settled—and satisfactorily settled—out of court, it is hard indeed that she should be subjected to such an ordeal."

And the young hypocrite walked to the window and gazed out on the kitchen garden as if to conceal his feelings.

"You are fond of Miss Maud, are you, Master Frank?" inquired Rachel naively.

Under other circumstances Frank would have answered that all the family at the Knoll were dear to him, Maud included; but, as it was, he only replied softly, "Yes, Rachel."

"God bless you both," replied the old woman in trembling tones, and applying to her eyes a duster; "a good lass and a good lad, if ever there was a good one of either gender. For her sake and for yours, then, Master Frank, as concerns Lawyer Garston, you may just do what you will with the old devil."

That Rachel's consent had been thus obtained under false pretences was incontestable; but Frank eased his conscience by the consideration that she had by rights no voice in the matter, and that, where there is no law to be appealed to, extraordinary methods of procedure are justifiable. It is true he had done nothing but look out of window, and say "Yes, Rachel;" but looks and words have their consequences.

That very morning Maud drove over to Mogadion on some household business, and called at the Dovecote. The Doctor and his son were both out; but Rachel, as usual, asked her to step in and wait a bit.

"I can't wait," she said; "for Mr. Christopher and his sister are coming to lawn tennis, and we hope—please to tell him—that Mr. Frank will join us."

"Master Frank will come, no fear," said the old woman nodding and smiling.

"I hope so, indeed," replied Maud simply, "for we shall have but little more tennis. Mark and Mr. Christopher are going to college together, you know, in a few weeks; and then there are those dreadful Assizes. Lucy looks forward to them with as much horror as I do."

"What! haven't you heard that it's all over; that Lawyer Garston has given in, and is to pay the Corporation?"

"The Corporation! Dear me, why?"

"Because of the wrong he has done Abel."

"Oh, I see—compensation. That is good news. You can't think, Rachel, how happy you make me."

"Dear heart, I'm glad of it. You're not happier than you made me—leastways, than Master Frank did—when he told me you know what—"

"When he told you I know what?"

"Nay, nay; if it's a secret, dearie, I can keep it. But when he comes to me this morning, begging me to spare the old lawyer for your sake, it was but putting two and two together to guess how the land lay. And it's not only that Master Frank is as good as gold, but that you might have done much worse, dearie. For whatever Mr. Mark may think of Mr. Christopher, there's but one opinion about him in all Mogadion."

Maud blushed from brow to chin, but she said nothing. When old women are in a muddle as to the relations between their fellow-creatures, it is not always easy to set them right; and Maud by no means desired to enter into explanations with Rachel Deeds. She could of course have put matters straight by a curt denial; but as regards Frank Meade, she was obliged to confess to herself that she could not be quite so curt to-day as she could have been yesterday before he had saved her life in the narrow lane. And as for Kit, though her feelings regarding him had altered of late in the other direction, and rather cooled, yet had not he also saved her life, and thereby retained her as his counsel for ever against all the gossip of

Mogadion? She wished therefore to express no opinion regarding either of those young gentlemen, and especially no explanation of her own position in respect to them. It would indeed have been difficult for her to have given it, for she was not sure about it herself. Of course old Rachel had made some mistake about Frank's feelings towards her, but the fact that he had implored her to stop that assize case for her (Maud's) sake was certainly not displeasing to her.

That it was stopped by *hissoever* means gave her the keenest satisfaction and relief of mind. She had dreaded the ordeal of cross-examination a great deal more than Frank himself could have possibly supposed, and with good reason, for in her own mind, and notwithstanding all that had been said by those about her, she was only too well convinced that the number of the note in Lucy's purse *had* been identical with that upon Mr. Garston's list; she had seen it there with her own eyes as it lay in Trenna's hand, and had felt far too much interest in the matter to be mistaken. By what means the substitution had been effected in the mean time she could not guess; but that substitution there had been she was certain.

Of Abel's innocence she was as positive as ever, but not more so than that Mr. Garston senior had good reasons for his suspicions. Hitherto she had kept this fact locked up in her own mind; but on her oath and in the witness box it must certainly have come out, with such possible consequences as she had not had the courage to contemplate.

CHAPTER XXII.

TENNIS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

WHEN Frank Meade received from Rachel Maud's pressing invitation to play tennis at the Knoll that afternoon he could hardly believe his ears. For how was the party of four to be made up? Was it possible that, after Trenna Garston's confession to him, he should meet her there, racket in hand, alert and bright as usual? Or was Mark for once to be pressed into the service? Even he himself, knowing what he knew, had no heart for the game, though it was ordinarily the only amusement in which he took pleasure. At the same time he had no hesitation in obeying Maud's summons, and even had a secret satisfaction in the thought that she had left it in person. That she had not said a word to Rachel about her narrow escape of the previous day surprised him, as well it might; she was usually far from secretive, and he was, of course, unaware of what the old woman had said to her respecting himself, and which for the moment had set a seal on her lips as regarded any obligation she was under to him.

It was Trenna, however, and not Maud, who at present was the subject of Frank's thoughts. The old days he felt were over in which the Medways, and the Garstons, and himself were wont to meet almost as members of one family; and there was no room in his breast for the contemplation of any new relations. The blow that had put an end to the beginnings of love as regarded Trenna had put out of his mind, at the same time, those tender emotions which had been awakened only yesterday with respect to Maud. His whole soul was still consumed with pity and amazement. On his way to the Knoll he went over that last night's interview again and again, without the least alleviation of his perplexity and distress. A proud girl, a brave girl, and yet to be a thief! This was of itself an inexplicable anomaly; but that it should be Trenna Garston, whom he had known from infancy, and whom Maud had known and loved, and believed to be as pure and guiltless as herself, that was incredible. And yet the thing was so, for he had Trenna's own word for it.

Mr. Garston was a coarse and grasping man, and probably a bad father, but Trenna had had no such bringing up as could have led naturally to such a catastrophe as this; and Kit again, her brother, was doubtless not the best of examples, but though, as we know, he was not a great favourite of Frank's, he at once acquitted him of having in any way conducted to his sister's crime; indeed, what Frank chiefly admired in him was his love for Trenna, and the appreciation he invariably displayed of her devotion to his interests.

That she had told the truth when she told him that her brother knew nothing of her delinquency, he could well believe. The confession of it to her beloved Kit would have been more painful to her even than it had been to him.

Here, as he stood on the top of the hill and looked down on the Nook itself, a light genial laugh was borne from the garden on the autumn wind that would have carried conviction with it upon this point had he needed it, for it came from Kit himself; and how could Kit have laughed like that had he been conscious of his sister's shame?

The little party were on the lawn awaiting Frank's arrival, as usual, to commence their game, and among them Trenna herself. He instinctively averted his eyes from her to spare her what of embarrassment he could; but the one fleeting glance they cast on her seemed like a flash of lightning to have revealed all. She did not return his look, but he felt that she had seen him. She stood motionless as a statue, and as pale, with her racket in her hand, and her gaze fixed on the ground.

"Why so late, sir?" cried Maud.

"Mr. Frank, you are a truant," smiled her mother.

"He must have known that we had drawn for sides," suggested Kit, "and, having the weakest, was in no hurry to be beaten."

As Trenna had drawn him, and was an excellent player, while Frank himself was the best of the four, this was somewhat audacious.

"Never mind, we will do our best," said Trenna, holding out her hand with a smile that vanished as quickly as it came. What it cost her to frame it he dared not think; even in his own case the muscles of his lips seemed to refuse their office, as though they had been frozen. Her hand lay in his like a piece of ice, and though he pressed it eagerly to assure her he hardly knew of what, but at least of his loyalty, and desire to help her, he met with no response. Her misery was too great, as he well understood, to admit even of sympathy; and yet she had to show a bold front to the world and to hide the heartache. To the eyes of others there was little to be seen amiss with her. Only she did not play at tennis so well as usual.

Of all the ordeals to which the miserable are subject there is none more painful than to have to take part in an amusement in which others delight, while we ourselves are in mental anguish. Smiles may be compelled, even the jest may be forced despite the aching breast, but to press thought and limb into the service of a trivial game, and to affect an interest in it, is positive torture. Even Frank played much below his usual "form," while his partner, in spite of all her efforts, made "faults" even in her "service."

"Why, Trenna, what is the matter with you? You can't serve," exclaimed Maud.

"That is because she is born to rule," cried Mark, who was lazily watching them from a garden seat.

"Very witty, but not quite new," returned Maud, breathless from a rapid "volley," "the same thing, I read in some Society journal, was said of the Prince of Wales."

"Then it ought not to have been," cried Kit, striking, in as usual for his friend, "since the Prince's motto is *Ich Dien*."

To Frank, Kit's wit and high spirits seemed discordant and out of place to the last degree, though, indeed, on the assumption that he knew nothing of his sister's crime, it would have been unreasonable indeed to resent them. As a matter of fact Kit was as bright as usual, nay, even brighter; the folks at the Knoll were in better spirits than they had been wont to be of late, through the

collapse of the case against Abel Deeds (the apprehension of what might have come of it having given them all perhaps more annoyance than they had confessed to), and this circumstance drew Kit out (an effect the merriment of others always has upon jokers) and made him, more buoyant—and like a boy—than ever.

It was not Trenna's custom to contribute to any outburst of mirth, and therefore her silence was not remarked upon, but now and again a weary and pained look came into her eyes (or Frank imagined it to do so) after some fit of general hilarity, that was inexpressibly touching.

"How can ye pipe, ye little birds (it seemed to say) And I so weary—full of care."

It also struck Frank that Kit's manner to him was more cordial than usual, but this might easily have arisen from the circumstance of his approaching departure for college, and a natural desire to part friends. He certainly did not keep so jealous a watch over his sister as he was wont to do in reference to him, and this gave Frank the opportunity of a word or two with Trenna alone.

It was just before supper time, when, as the young folks were strolling in the garden, Frank found himself alone with her. The little rustic bridge that spanned the waterfall. The others were close by, but the noise of the falling waters enabled them to converse unheard.

"One moment, Mr. Meade," gasped Trenna, "I cannot thank you now—nor ever—for the service you have done me—as you deserve. If anything one hears of Divine Justice is true, God will reward you for it."

"I require no reward, Trenna; it is reward enough, and an immense satisfaction and relief to me, to be able to assure you that all is safely settled."

"I do believe that is what you feel," she answered, with intense emotion. "You are goodness itself. You smile, as well you may; it is true I can hardly be a judge of goodness."

"Good Heavens, Trenna! you cannot suppose I was thinking anything of the kind. Pray, pray believe that I feel the same regard for you, the same desire to shield you from sorrow, that I ever did."

"I know,—I know you, at least, still pity me. That is something. But do not show it, I beseech you. It is all I can do to play my part."

"You do so bravely. One could never guess what you are suffering."

"Yes, I suffer, that is true, but it is only my desert. Do you see that stone that holds its head so high above the water? If you could look below it you would see that its heart is riven. That is my case."

"Poor girl, poor girl!"

"Hush, hush! For Heaven's sake, no pity! What I want to say to you while I can is about the compensation to Abel. How much will it be?"

"It has not been settled. Perhaps fifty pounds. Now listen. You have done me the honour to repose your confidence in me—"

"Honour!" she echoed, bitterly. "You must think me honourable indeed!"

"I think,—I am sure, Trenna," he answered, gently, "that you have been, to a very great extent, the victim of circumstances. If you imagine I feel contempt for you you are very much mistaken. Now, as to this money, you must permit me to pay it myself. Every shilling of your own will be bespoken for a long time to come."

"Bespoken! what for?"

Frank stared at her in dumb amazement. Was it possible she did not understand what for? "What I mean, Trenna, is that, of course, you will replace every farthing of the—the—"

"To be sure, of the stolen money," she answered, with a shiver.

"On the other hand, papa can wait, and Abel's claim is pressing."

"It will be my business to settle that matter. Do not let it burthen your mind by a feather's weight."

"I cannot—no, no, I cannot—take your money, Mr. Meade."

"Do you suppose then I can take your father's in repayment? Forgive me, but you compel me to use plain words. If you choose, in after years, to decline to be under even so small an obligation to so old a friend, and supposing you are in a position to do so, then you can discharge it. The money is nothing; my only difficulty will be in representing it as coming from Mr. Garston. But I have thought over all that, and it shall be done—great heavens! what would you do?"

She had moved swiftly to a spot on the bridge where the railing had been torn away; below it was a swirling pool, fathoms deep; the strongest swimmer, had he plunged in it, would have been beaten to pieces against the stones before he reached the bottom. He had caught her by the wrist with iron grip only just in time.

"Let me die," she murmured, sullenly.

"No, Trenna, I will not let you die; you have been weak, but that is no reason why you should be wicked. You have wronged your father, but it is possible to make reparation. If you died it would not be possible, and besides, you would break his heart."

She smiled a crooked smile, and shook her head.

"For Heaven's sake, calm yourself, Trenna," continued Frank, with tender earnestness; "think of the shame that would overtake your memory if you were to put an end to yourself; the reason for such a monstrous act must then be disclosed—no effort of mine could prevent it. Think of your brother who loves you so."

"True, true," she murmured, her eyes, which had been fixed and hard as in one convulsed, filling with tears. "I should have done more harm than good. I was wrong to think of it."

"You were very wrong, Trenna. Think of the sorrow you would have brought upon so many hearts.—See, there is Maud calling to us."

They could not hear Maud call from the noise of the waterfall which drowned all distant sounds; but Frank could see her waving her handkerchief.

It was not the least-painful part of this terrible scene that it was taking place in a spot meant for pleasure, and within a few yards of gay companions who were almost witnesses of what was enacted.

"Before we go, Trenna, you must give me your sacred word that you will not contemplate again such an act as that of which I have been just a witness; otherwise, I shall have no alternative but to put your brother on his guard."

"My word? What value can my word have in your eyes?" she answered bitterly. "Nevertheless, since you ask for it I give it you. I will not attempt my life again. I have no right to escape my punishment that way."

"Nay, you have no right rather to put yourself out of the pale of penitence and redemption. I alone, as you have told me, are aware of your misconduct; make reparation as soon as you can (this is the last time I shall speak on that subject unless you ask me), and in the mean time your secret is safe."

"No, no, it is not safe. God who brings all things to light will make it manifest some day. Then I shall have suffered in vain."

The phrase not a little puzzled Frank, and indeed, as he acutely felt, the whole situation was as much beyond his powers as his experience; he gave some vague reply about no suffering being "thrown away," and offered her his arm to leave the bridge, for she was trembling excessively.

"No, no, they are watching us, and will wonder why I wanted help," she answered quickly. "Don't look at me, don't speak to me, and they will notice nothing."

By the time they had rejoined their companions the girl's air and manner were as quiet and composed as usual.

"We really thought," laughed Maud, "that after your shameful beating at tennis you were both going to drown yourselves in the Red Pool."

"I did propose it," said Trenna, "but Mr. Meade insisted on my taking the first plunge; and I had no confidence in his carrying out the contract.—It is later than I thought, Kit. I must go home."

(To be continued)



B. WILLIAMS.—"Six Vocal Duets for Female Voices," arranged by T. Crampton, will be found of the greatest use for young students who are too timid to hear their voices alone, and by singing these simple but pleasing duets they will gain courage to try more difficult compositions. No. I. is an adaptation of Weber's charming "Mermaid's Song" from *Oberon*, in an easy form to some pretty words, under the title of "Evening On the Waters." This will be the favourite of the group. No. II. is a tuneful barcarole, "Good Night," written and composed by T. Crampton. No. III. "Rural Song," is written by the above-named adaptor, and arranged to an old English melody ("Gathering Peascods.") No. IV. is a well-known German *Volkstied*, adapted to English words "Oh, Fragrant Pine." Nos. V. and VI. are both written and composed by T. Crampton; they are entitled "Evening Singing" and "Song of Welcome."—By far the best of any of the numerous sea songs which always make their appearance at this season is "Our Captain," a nautical ballad, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and W. M. Hutchinson, published in three keys; we cordially commend it to the attention of our readers who want something stirring and cheery to sing at a popular concert or reading.—"Lebewohl" (Farewell) waltz by Oscar Seydel is a pretty melody, arranged as a solo with vocal accompaniment, and also as a pianoforte duet; we prefer the latter to the former, as vocal waltzes have been somewhat overdone of late, and are all of the same type as a rule, to which this song forms no exception.—It is long since we have met with so elegant and charming a transcription for the pianoforte as the "Prayer" from Mendelssohn's opera of *Melusine*, arranged by S. Kahlenberg. This piece should be learnt by heart, and will soon be the favourite of its type.—A transcription of Mendelssohn's "Song of Love" by the same transcriber is thoroughly well done, but lacks the grace of its companion.—"May Time," an idyll for the pianoforte, and "Gertruden," a polka mazurka, also by S. Kahlenberg, are excellent specimens of drawing-room pieces.—Quaint and very taking is "Dorothy," an old English dance, for the pianoforte, by Seymour Smith.—Organists who are often called upon to play at weddings will find "Le Cortège de Noces," arranged for the organ by Arthur H. Brown, cheerful enough for these festive occasions, and calculated to please at a miscellaneous concert.—No. 2 of "Operatic Duets for Violin and Pianoforte" is from Flotow's popular opera *Martha*, arranged with taste by Alfred Mullen.

MESSRS. HAMMOND AND CO.—Three pieces for the pianoforte by Gustav Lange are of that excellent type which has secured for him a welcome in the study and in the drawing-room. "Weisst du Noch?" a "Lyrisches Tonstück" is the most original of the three.—"Nachtlid" is of a more commonplace character, but will probably be the more popular of the two. "La Sylphide" is a light and showy *morceau de salon*.—Four pieces of dance-music by Enos Andrew attract attention by their daintily got-up, somewhat æsthetic frontispieces; the contents are quite up to the mark of the exterior, and of more than average merit.—"Esprit de Corps" waltzes and "Mes Amis" waltzes are tuneful and danceable, as are "L'Hilarité" polka and "Bonjour" polka. Mr. Andrews is evidently endowed with the gift of composing dance music.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We always approach with respect a work by Messrs. Salaman, *père et fils*. "Zahara," an Arab song, the words by Malcolm C. Salaman, music by Charles Salaman, is very uncommon, and bears the stamp of a practical poet and a profound musician; it is published in G minor and in B minor; a bass or tenor who will take the trouble to learn this song may not fear to find many rivals in the concert-room to dispute with him the honour of singing it (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—"Adrift" is a sad poem by Mary Gregory; it tells of an infant drifting out to sea, and being drowned whilst its guardian, a Newfoundland dog, is sleeping on duty, and finding his little charge had been washed away, he plunges after it, and is also drowned; both words and music, the latter by J. H. L. Glover, are very plaintive.—"Sounds of Joy" is a neat and unpretentious valse by H. Rogers (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).



THE appearance of yet another work from the pen of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson might inspire alarm, for it has been amply demonstrated in recent years that rapidity of production is death to all that is artistically good in workmanship at least, if not in conception. No fear, however, need exist in the case of "The New Arabian Nights" (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus), for the stories have already appeared in various periodicals. The "New Arabian Nights" proper end with the first volume, and are now republished in consequence of the questionable conduct of a gentleman who condescended to borrow the gist of one of the stories, and "even to honour it with the addition of his signature. This mark of appreciation," says Mr. Stevenson, "emboldened me to make the present collection." They first appeared in *London*, a journal whose career was brief, but brilliant, and, as it has been well said, "better written than read." It is seldom that work thus contributed to a weekly paper is so well worth reproduction; one is quite grateful to the piratical person who caused a consummation so desirable. For the "New Arabian Nights" are very remarkable, as art and as invention. In inventiveness, indeed, they are comparable only with the *Thousand and One* themselves. This is a strong statement; we make it advisedly. Of course in such a comparison the contrast in numerical strength between the old and the new is obvious; but putting that aside, it must be admitted that some of Mr. Stevenson's stories are quite as startling, quite as magical as the masterpieces which suggested them. Mr. Stevenson's idea seems to have been to write a series of tales which should be as romantic, mystical, tragic, and surprising as the *Thousand and One*, but with this happy innovation: the scenes to be laid in these times, the people to be those we find around us every day. The result is an extraordinary combination of the impossible and the possible, the real and the ideal—a combination full of life, humour, pathos, a charming fancy, and genuine invention. These stories in short are extremely clever, and clever in a distinctly original fashion. They are novel; they seize the attention with a force not to be denied; they are overflowing with genial fun; they are

properly dramatic—one or two of the situations are really masterly; they are full of that peculiar unaffected sympathy which is one of Mr. Stevenson's best characteristics; and they evince a very notable grasp of character, and unusual powers of description at once brief and graphic. One reads them with a sense of rare entertainment, and then like *Oliver Twist* dares to ask for more. Why, indeed, does not Mr. Stevenson continue the series? To the stories in the second volume much that we have said of the first applies also, but there is some work which, all things considered, is inferior. "The Pavilion on the Links," for instance, though it contains one of the truest and happiest touches of nature, cannot be considered very good as art, and as literature it is scarcely upon the author's usual high level. Nor can "A Lodging for the Night," a description of an imaginary incident in the life of that scoundrel-poet, François Villon, be considered specially good in itself, though it is interesting as an illustration of Mr. Stevenson's conception of the author of the "Testament." On the other hand, "Providence and the Guitar" is quite in his best style, and as delightful a story as we have ever read.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. Sala is one of those happy mortals who have drunk at the fountain of perpetual youth. Our contemporary may be correct in its assertion, but the compliment is precisely of that kind which overshoots its mark. Doubtless the veteran journalist wishes with all his heart that it were true. For ourselves we reluctantly confess our belief that, judging from his last-published book, "America Revisited," he is no more endowed with everlasting juvenescence than we are ourselves. In fact, taken altogether, these two volumes are not quite worthy of their author's reputation. They are not altogether dull, nor stupid, nor dry; on the contrary, they contain not a little that is bright and pleasant enough of its kind; but we do not recognise the Sala of old—say of "Paris Herself Again." The very name of America, from the literary point of view, is depressing, and even Mr. Sala cannot invest so hackneyed a subject with striking interest. It is not necessary for us here to detail the letters of which the book consists; most of them have already had the benefit of the "largest circulation in the world," and the few additions do not call for special remark. The matter, in fact, is two years old, and the illustrations seem even older, though it must be confessed there are plenty of them. The book, in short, is a concoction, and the only *raison d'être* for it we can perceive is that it is Mr. Sala's—which, in the minds of most people, perhaps, will be quite sufficient.

It is impossible, in the space at our disposal, to do anything like justice to so beautiful a work as Mr. Vincent Robinson's "Eastern Carpets" (Sotheman). It is, perhaps, the most notable Art book of the season, whilst as an achievement in Fine Art colour-printing it is probably without a single rival. Words fail to convey any adequate idea of the harmonies and richnesses and indescribable delicacies of these plates, which are comparable with nothing but the original carpets of the East. And one knows not which to admire most: the fidelity of Miss Robinson's water-colour drawings or the rare technical skill and artistic sympathy which have enabled Mr. William Greggs to reproduce them. And quite in keeping with this sumptuous workmanship is Sir George Birdwood's introduction, which is as concise and clear as it is learned and comprehensive. Indeed, it is really an introduction to the history of Art, for carpets are one of the most ancient manufactures in the world. The author's facts and conclusions are extremely interesting, and we only wish that we could deal with them at length. Altogether this is a remarkable book, as useful as it is noble, and one without which no good library can be said to be complete.

Another piece of colour printing of another sort, but still very good in its way, is Messrs. Audsley's "Polychromatic Decoration" (Sotheman), as applied to buildings in the Gothic styles. The plates have been executed in France, and are representative. As for the particular style of decoration adopted, we think it commonplace, uninteresting, and depressingly conventional. It is the outcome of much research, doubtless; but a great deal of it seems singularly inartistic, and some even vulgar. The letter-press is more or less a compilation from previous writers, and on the whole the work must be pronounced disappointing.

"The Aesthetic Movement in England" (Reeves and Turner), is an unsuccessful attempt to record the facts attending the birth and growth of pre-Raphaelitism (so called) by Walter Hamilton, who is so far wanting in the sense of humour as to say very bitter and silly things about the satirists of his pet school. Mr. Hamilton is clearly a slave of the great Code of Sunflowers, and Mr. Du Maurier's lively sallies in *Punch* are very prickly thorns to him indeed. The book contains a good deal that is commonplace, and in bad taste. It gathers up what is generally known of the movement from the dream period of the *Germ* to these latter days of fulfilment and—Mr. Oscar Wilde. But of fresh matter there is none, and its quotations are many and long. He who would treat the pre-Raphaelite movement as it deserves should be endowed with fine discrimination, sympathy, taste, and knowledge. Sympathy of a prejudiced sort Mr. Hamilton has, perhaps, but his discrimination and taste apparently do not yet exist, whilst his knowledge is of that kind which may be gathered by means of a hurried perusal of the morning papers. His book may find readers, but as literature it has no claims to consideration.

"The Banquet of Wit" (Pickering and Co.), is one of the pleasantest books of its kind we have met for a long time. It is, in the quaint words of the title-page, "A Varied Selection of Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Et Cetera," compiled from numerous sources by James Gray and J. J. B. Maidment. Paper and print are excellent, and the selection fairly good on the whole, though we confess some of the paragraphs are as witless as anything we remember.

Whether Mr. Ruskin needs any interpreter between himself and the public may well be open to doubt. His books, in Mr. George Allen's new edition, are to be had by any one who cares to pay for them, and the matter of which they entertain is not so hard, or their style so crabbed, that they require the publication of expository treatises by well-intentioned disciples. Mr. Ruskin is not a Richter or a Browning. Hence there is little value in Mr. Edmund J. Baillie's "John Ruskin: Aspects of His Thought and Teachings" (John Peace, Gough Square, E.C., and George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington), which is merely a *résumé* of much that Mr. Ruskin has said in his works, interlarded with numerous, and not always judicious, quotations. These papers doubtless had their use in the pages of *House and Home*; but in their book-form the best that can be hoped for them is that they may serve to attract to the study of Mr. Ruskin a few who might otherwise have remained ignorant of what is to be got from him.

The present has been seized as a fitting time for the republication, with a new prefatory chapter on recent events, of Mr. Edwin De Leon's little book "Egypt Under Its Khedives" (Sampson Low and Co.). The author, an ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, treats of the well worn themes of modern Cairo and modern Alexandria, the career of Mehemet Ali, the rise and fall of Ismail, the state of the fellahen, the Anglo-French control. Why, however, does he commit the cardinal sin of publishing without an index a book intended as a work of reference?

It does not take long for a really good book to become known, and we are glad to see a new illustrated edition of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's delightful "Uncle Remus" (George Routledge and Sons). The flavour of the humours of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit is at first strange to the English palate, and the dialect is worrying, but when the strangeness wears off there are few who will not follow to the end with rare enjoyment the fortunes of Mr. Harris's miscellaneous company.

The newest guide-books are Baddeley's "North Devon and

North Cornwall," by C. S. Ward, M.A. (Dulau and Co.), an excellent practical guide, its only fault being that in some of the maps the contours of the country are put in so heavily as to obscure altogether the names of places, and Messrs. Ward and Lock's "Guide to Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen," and "Guide to the North-East of Scotland," both compact and serviceable volumes.—A capital tourists' atlas is "Phillips' Handy Atlas of the Counties of Scotland" (George Philip and Son). In this convenient volume of thirty-two maps are shown the roads, railways, country seats, parishes, rivers, and lakes of each county. The maps have been constructed by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., and the Atlas contains a very full index to the places mentioned.—Among minor volumes received for review may be mentioned "Notes on Cage Birds," by Various Hands (L. Upcott Gill); "La Tulipe Noire," par Alexandre Dumas, with Explanatory Notes by Paul Blouët, B.A.; the second edition of "La Directoire" of Madame de Stael, with Notes by Victor Oger; and the second edition, revised, of "The First German Book," by the Rev. A. Leopold Becker (all three published by Hachette et Cie).

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" (Longmans, Green, and Co.) has taken an honourable place in Shakespeare literature. We have before us the second edition; and concerning it it need only be said that this is the work which must be consulted by those who wish to know all that can now be known concerning the life and plays of Shakespeare.—Some time since it was rumoured that an ex-Lord Chancellor was occupying the leisure of his retirement by making a collection of all the good stories relating to lawyers. Whether "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers," by "Croake James" (Sampson Low and Co.), is the result of the ex-dignitary's labours we cannot say; but it is certain that it is the work of a man who has given minute attention to his subject. To fill five hundred closely-printed pages with witty stories relating to the law is no puerile labour. True, a good many of the stories are familiar enough, but most of them are fresh, and all have point enough to make them worth printing.—The third edition of Mr. E. Cussans' "Handbook of Heraldry" (Chatto and Windus) has been almost entirely re-written. Better engravings have been prepared, though the plan of the work remains the same.—"An Impromptu Ascent of Mont Blanc," by W. H. Le Mesurier (Elliot Stock), repeats in very simple language an oft-told tale. The ascent was impromptu because when starting the party intended to go no farther than the Grands Mulets. They successfully achieved the ascent, however, notwithstanding that both tourists were novices at Alpine-work, and that they had not the proper number of guides. The expedition, under those circumstances, was one of those foolhardy enterprises which all true lovers of Alpine climbing must heartily condemn.

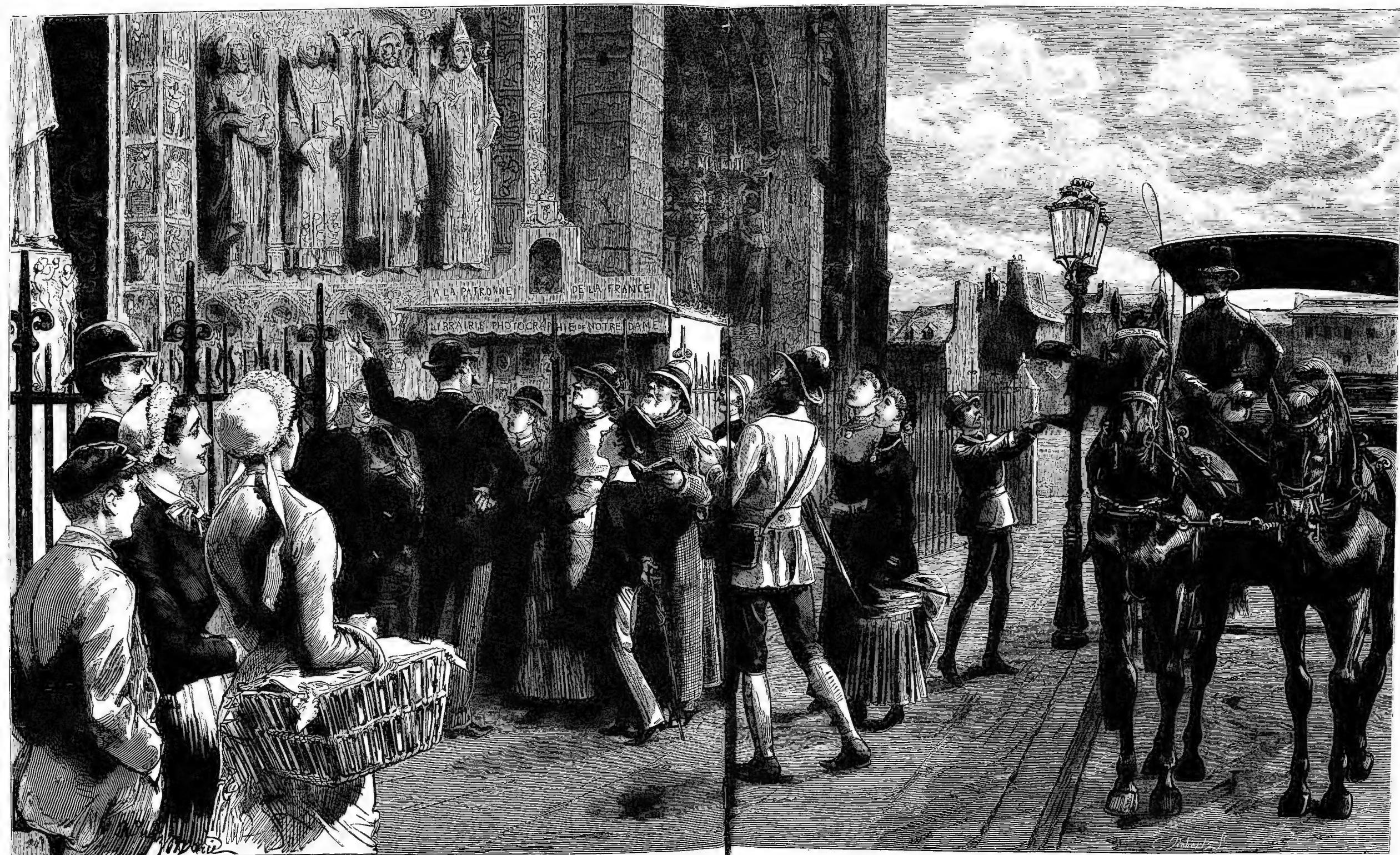
We have received "The Giant Raft, Part II.—The Cryptogram" (Sampson Low and Co.), one of M. Jules Verne's thrilling romances, which shows that the author's imaginative powers remain unimpaired; the second edition of "The Sportman's Handbook," by Rowland Ward, F.Z.S. (the Author, 166, Piccadilly); the second edition of "T Leaves: being a Collection of Pieces Written for Public Reading," by Edward F. Turner (Smith, Elder, and Co.); and "Picturesque B. and O." (Chicago: Knight and Leonard). The last-named work is "the tale of weeks spent upon the picturesque line of America"—the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. The letter-press is by J. G. Pangborn; the numerous illustrations are in the best style of American wood-engraving; the paper and printing could hardly be better.

In the form of a very highly-coloured chart, Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. have issued a chromo-lithograph, which they call "A Pictorial View of the World." On this sheet are given maps of the two hemispheres, steamship routes, a time-dial plate, the great battles of the world, coins of all nations, and a variety of other particulars connected with the history and geography of this planet. Hung upon the walls of schoolrooms the chart will doubtless have some educational influence, but the colouring might have been subdued. "A Handbook to the Pictorial World," edited by G. W. Bacon, F.R.G.S., accompanies the chart, and adds to its usefulness.



"ROYAL ANGUS," by Lord James Douglas (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is an unquestionably clever novel. It belongs to the region of sporting fiction, but is coloured with dramatic incidents and characters beyond the customary range of kindred works of the same school. Lord Royal Angus is a young nobleman of no particular principles beyond a hopeless love and a certain blundering instinct of honour, and, partly to distract his heart, partly because it represents the total of all the forms of life worth mentioning, he plunges into sport of every kind with even more all-absorbing passion than it is pursued by the other characters of the novel. Of all the higher sports, from the Turf upwards or downwards, there is none in which he does not engage, so as to give Lord James Douglas the opportunity of describing it with an enthusiasm equal to his hero's. Money, titles, big bags, and hot passions are thrown about with a Ouida-like luxuriance and prodigality, though, it need hardly be said, with a very different degree of accuracy in matter of detail. It is a deserved compliment to the book to say that, though all the sporting business is well done, it yields in interest to the development and the nature of the closing tragedy. While races and battues are described without any of the ordinary sporting novelist's pedantry, the heroic love of Royal for Muriel colours the detached scenes with touches of a higher order than belong to mere description, and links them together into something like dramatic unity, leading to a *dénouement* which is, as rarely happens, absolutely inevitable. For these reasons, the novel will certainly prove attractive to many to whom sporting fiction in general is the proverbial *caviare*.

"The Burgomaster's Wife," by the German novelist Georg Ebers, and translated by Clara Bell (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.) is, in effect, the story of the siege and relief of Leyden. In every respect it is worth reproduction in England, as an admirable example of what historical fiction ought to be. Without sacrificing accuracy and faithfulness to fact, it is full of human interest, and makes the Dutch burghers and their families as real to us as King Philip and the Spaniards found them. The tale is fitly named, however, because it is upon the Burgomaster's wife, Dame Maria, that the highest part of the interest centres. There is something very noble and touching, when the wife, neglected by the husband too much engrossed in the affairs of his country to find time for affection, comes forward in the last crisis to keep him from surrendering to the Spaniards out of despair. He is a hero, but she is a heroine, and the feminine proves in these pages to be worthier than the masculine form of the word. Her sentimentalism apart from her domestic troubles are less satisfactory. There was no reason, but the contrary, for complicating her heroism with her need for self-conquest over her feelings towards a passionate lover—the whole of this portion of the tale detracts from the simplicity befitting so strong a story. Nor is another love romance, running parallel with the story of Leyden, especially interesting. The Dutch patriots, the Spaniards, and the Dutch who held with the enemies of their liberty form an all-sufficient portrait gallery, among whom Dame Maria stands out as Queen. If the taste for historical romance or drama be on the wane, it ought



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to be refreshed by novels like these, and Clara Bell deserves the cordial thanks of English readers.

The moral of Mrs. Macquoid's "A Faithful Lover" (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett) is a sort of set-off to that of Mr. Gilbert's familiar "Sweethearts." The dramatist asks his audience to compare man's forgetfulness with woman's life-long constancy: the lady novelist draws a portrait of a man who nurses a heart-break for a woman who had forgotten him except as a peg whereon to hang a few pleasantly-sentimental memories. The weakness of her picture of this formidably "faithful lover," Esau Runswick, is that his morbid behaviour is carried so far as to savour of congenital lunacy. Constancy loses its effect most assuredly if it be treated as a symptom rather than as a cause of brain disease. Again, all the male characters in the story are merely women in men's clothes. Their thoughts, feelings, and speeches are all distinctly feminine. But on the other hand Miss Phoebe Dawlish as a best of old maids, and Clemency, the heroine of the second generation, are very charming. Clemency herself has not only all the qualities of heart and person proper to the most winning of heroines, but is possessed of those which are at present somewhat out of date in fiction—sense, courage, and humour. She thinks too much about herself, no doubt, but that is natural in the victim and home-companion of such a melodramatic misanthrope as her uncle Esau. Strong the novel cannot possibly be called, but it is bright and pleasant to read, and the manner in which the love stories of two generations are contrasted and intertwined, so as to serve for comments upon one another, is a very happy stroke of construction.

"A. M. Y.," in "Angeline," the first of five slight stories in one volume (Chapman and Hall), has taken for her text those verses of Byron about love being of man's life a thing apart, but woman's whole existence. The illustration in Angeline's case is not very happy, seeing that the man, of whose life love was a thing apart, is an exceptionally mean and selfish rascal, of whose life everything was apart that is worth mentioning. To him Angeline remains faithful and true, though never forgetting to dress herself nicely, in spite of his desertion, until he some day meets her by accident, and, being supposed to have changed his nature, happily marries her. Much more successful is the last story in the volume, "Gwyn's Vocation." Gwyn is a young lady who feels that she has a life's mission to do good among the rough natives of a coal-field, to which her own kindred belonged. But she could not change her refined and cultivated nature so easily as Angeline's lover changed his, and found that, though she could understand them, they could not understand her. So she failed, as hundreds have failed before her in such work, with the best intentions, and for the same reasons. What the reasons are, "A. M. Y.," who takes a distinctly Conservative view of "Woman's Mission," shows very clearly. The remaining three stories are full, like Gwyn Williams, of excellent intentions, only somewhat better fulfilled than hers.



II.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is an exceptionally good number. Mr. Tennyson's address "To Virgil," "wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man," is indeed somewhat disappointing in its laboured rhetoric. But the prose articles are all most attractive. Madame Novikoff, in her "Temperance Movement in Russia," gives a capital description—a little dressed up, perhaps, for foreign readers—of the steps which have been taken by the Government and by private societies (as at Vilna) for the repression of the national vice of drunkenness. Madame Novikoff will not, however, admit that her countrymen are drunkards above other Northern nations. They do not drink so often as the Swedes, for instance; their misfortune is that they are given to drink large quantities at one time. Some of the religious sects are total abstainers; and after the murder of the late Czar the drink-shops in many communes were closed for good, in sign of mourning, by a spontaneous movement of the villagers.—Mr. Gaskell draws an amusing contrast—in a spirit half sad, half humorous—between the imaginary position of the Country Gentleman, as he is depicted by the organs of philosophic Radicalism, and his real state as the possessor of an income, of which fifty per cent. must go in the best of times for landlord's repairs and family settlements, and who now finds half his farms thrown upon his hands, while even his last solace, the enjoyment of field sports, is passing from him, thanks to the "Ground Game Act."—"Merton College Before the Reformation" is an able paper on the early history of the oldest college (properly so-called) in either University, and on the far-reaching consequences of the seemingly simple scheme which, by introducing the "College system" into Oxford at a time when University teaching had fallen into the hands of the Mendicant Orders, really changed all the future course of the higher education in this country.—Mr. Blunt defends his view of "The Egyptian Revolution" and its leaders with an earnest sincerity which half disarms opposition, though it is a little trying to find Nadim, the author of the ridiculous bulletins of the war in the Arabic newspaper, the *Taif*, presented to us in the light of a patriot of the heroic order; and Mr. Simcox has a very readable review (which is in the main an analysis) of the remarkable essay on "Natural Religion," by the author of "Ecce Homo."

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. R. J. Jeffray vigorously repels the charges of inhumanity brought by Mr. Wisker against the "Queensland Planters." Mr. Wisker should have known that the Act of 1880 expressly provides that the wages due to the imported labourer shall be paid quarterly, or even monthly, and fines the planter if he does not provide medical attendance for the sick. Even previously to this the balance due to any deceased Kanaka had to be paid over under the Intestacy Act to the proper local officer. Neither is it true that the planters would be glad to "people Queensland by hordes of Kanakas officered by white capitalists." There is but one planter in the entire House of Assembly, and the general desire is to restrict this description of imported labour to that "tropical agriculture" for which white men are unfitted.—Mr. Saintsbury in his "Study of Sensibility" reviews very agreeably a school of fiction chiefly, and, indeed, essentially French—through "Pamela" and "Werther" exist to show how successfully it could be imitated in England and Germany—from its first beginning in the romances of Mlle. de Scudery down to its last product, of any literary worth, the "Adolphe" of M. B. Constant.—Part II. of Mr. Freeman's "Impressions of the United States" contains, among other matter, some interesting notes on "State" and "Municipal" politics in America; and Mr. Grant Allen replies to the question "Who Was Primitive Man?" by pointing to the split flints found in mid-Miocene deposits as evidence of the existence even then of a "man-like animal," already sufficiently differentiated from the anthropoid apes to claim, on evolutionist theories, the title of "our first ancestor."

In *Blackwood*, besides a further instalment of the "Ladies Lindores," and an opportune paper on "The Coming Mahdy," the Moslem Messiah, are three good memoirs—two, in *Maga's* best style, of that powerful but unequal genius, the Ettrick Shepherd ("Heroes of the Noctes: III."), and of a gallant soldier of the American Revolutionary War, Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Ferguson, the finest rifle-shot in the British Army, who on one occasion might, it is

said, have "picked off" Washington; and one, less sparkling but very able as a critique, of the great tragedienne Rachel.

A second chapter in *Macmillan*, where "The Little Pilgrim Goes Up Higher," scarcely leaves on us the same impression as did the first. The vision is still very sweet and charming, but we miss—perhaps it would be too much to expect—the occasional flashes of almost startling realism.—Under the title of "The Hades of Virgil," Professor Shaipr contributes a fine study of the Latin poet's conception of an existence after death; and Miss M. A. Lewis gives a lively sketch of a Salvation Army meeting in full song.

In the *Month* "A Serious Theological Difficulty" endeavours to show that between the conception of God as a sort of divine man, and the confession of our inability to have any just conception of Him at all—in other words, between anthropomorphism and agnosticism—there is a middle course, long ago indicated by the doctors of the Church, which will satisfactorily solve our difficulties.—"Cairo and Alexandria," a missionary's journal, is an interesting diary of the early days of last July.—"King Henry the Eighth, Part III.," throws the chief guilt of suggesting to the King that he should get a divorce from his first wife, Katherine, on her who would most profit by such a step—Anne Boleyn.

In *Belgravia* and in *Tinsley* fiction reigns almost without a rival; but fiction in *Belgravia* as represented by Messrs. Besant and Willkie Collins, and in a less degree by Mrs. Alexander, is much above the average in ingenuity of plot and subtle analysis of character. There is also an amusing short story of an American squirrel, "Winks."

In a somewhat poor number of the *Gentleman's* Mr. Andrew Wilson continues his instructive study of "Problems of Distribution;" Miss Gordon Cumming contributes a fair but much too encyclopedic paper on Cairo; and Mr. W. Lynd a description—penned at fever heat of admiration—of Mr. Charles Reade, as an "Author at Home," in which somewhat more is said of the good deeds of private life than is usually disclosed in print while the actors are yet alive.

"Diary and Letters of O'Connell," in the *Irish Monthly*, contain some curious particulars of barristers' fees in Ireland at the beginning of the century, and of the income earned by the Liberator himself when a "rising young counsellor," to whom politics were as yet a matter of comparative indifference. Clearly O'Connell did not gain pecuniarily through taking up the profession of an agitator.

With the exception of the *Magazine of Art*, the Art periodicals for September on the whole are dull. In the matter of illustrations, indeed, they are every one on a very dead level: etchings, wood-engravings, all are far below what they ought to be, considering the high æsthetic aims which these publications are supposed to have. It is scarcely too much to say that, as fine Art, the mass of them deserve no notice whatever.—The frontispiece to the *Magazine* is a wood-engraving of Mr. Thornycroft's absurdly original "Teucer;" the block exhibits all the faults and none of the merits of the *bizarre* metallic style of France. As wood-engraving, too, the reproduction of Hogarth's portrait group of the Graham Family is very bad. Mr. Austin Dobson's note on this pleasant and lively picture is an admirable marshalling of interesting facts.—In "Some Original Ceramists," Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, in rather laboured style, relates the life-story and describes the work of the Brothers Martin (of Southall) and Mr. Brannam (of Barnstable), modern potters endowed with rare skill and inventiveness. The story of the Martins, indeed, is every whit as interesting and romantic as that of Palissy himself, and apart from its great artistic value it is a notable instance of a long but victorious struggle of determined industry, with disaster. Mr. Barclay Day commences a series of papers on "Art in the Garden," with some feeble illustrations (the "Arcade at Versailles" is atrocious), and "Current Art," continues to be a curious combination of incisive criticism and meandering sophistication—"The Ambras Collection" is the title of a good article by Mr. W. M. Conway, on the Art treasures of Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, prince of sixteenth-century collectors; the illustrations are passable. Lastly, among the admirable "Art Notes," we may mention a sympathetic notice of "Phiz."

In the *Art Journal* Leopold Flameng's so-called etching of Renouf's "A Helping Hand," and the engraving of Mr. Boehm's memorial to the late Princess Alice will be popular.—An article on the method of decoying wild fowl in East Anglia does not appear to have any connection with Art, but gives Mr. Whympster an opportunity for some careful engraving.—Mr. Stevens commences an elaborate biographical notice of John Linnell, and Mr. Monkhouse continues his able notes on the Hamilton Sale.—"Le Duo," from the picture by H. J. Burgers, in the Salon, is described as "a pleasing illustration of popular French Art." If so there is yet a chance for England; subject and wood engraving are bathos made palpable. The best illustrations of the month are the "Portrait of a Man of Quality" and "Bust of a Young Girl" after Dürer; but then these are "process" *clichés* from a Continental source. They are worth serious study, the others are not.

Art and Letters seems to have no special object in view, and its pictures, as a rule, have not the merit of being first-hand. The series on "Modern Landscape" continues interesting, but the author seems afraid of his conclusions, and his style is too obviously polished. Constable's influence on Corot and Millet, Daubigny and Rousseau, and the reason why the upstart modern schools of France and England have gone wrong, are treated with annoying hesitation; and since the scratches—for they are nothing more—by the late Cecil Lawson convey no idea whatever of the pictures they are meant to represent, it is a pity they were published.—The *Portfolio* is more than usually dull; its etchings are poor in execution, and unattractive in subject, whilst the letter-press does not call for special remark.

SCHOOL-TREATS

ONE of the most pleasant sights of London in summer is that of the vans which start in the morning laden with children for excursions into the country. A man must be of morose temperament who is not cheered for a moment by the sight of these little people laughing with faces as bright as soap and lively hopes can make them. London children of to-day are, happily, not the stunted, joyless, haggard little creatures whom Dickens used to paint, with touches which were never wholly free from exaggeration, whenever he introduced scenes of life in the poorer quarters. Indeed, old Londoners might have a difficulty in fixing the exact date at which all the children of the London poor were feeble and squalid, eking out dismal lives, and having no friends. In the worst days of much-decried Bumbledom there were good-natured beardless, kindly schoolmasters, benevolent employers, and the average young Cockney was a sturdy rough-and-tumble urchin, who would never have acknowledged that Jo, or Smike, or Oliver Twist's youthful tormentors were fair representatives of his class. But at all times the London child has dearly loved a breath of fresh country air. Even when open spaces were numerous in London, when large fields adjoined the City Road, and green lanes could be reached within half-an-hour's walk from any part of the Strand, the country was as attractive as it is now. Merry Islington with its dairies and cheese-cakes, or Chelsea with its tea-gardens, bathing-places, and boats, were as popular among young people as Epping and Barnet, Hampton and Kew are nowadays. Nor were they liked by children of the poor only, for the boys and girls of prosperous tradesmen, who then had their habitations in the City, were quite as fond of a jolly summer day's outing as the charity-school children, who, by the favour of liberal donors, or by the thoughtful bequests of founders, were occasionally taken out to enjoy themselves in bean-feasts or hay-making. Time has pushed the country farther and farther away from the heart of London, but,

with this difference, things are much as they used to be. London children, whether they ride in vans, with bags of buns in their hands, or in grander vehicles, having choicely-stocked hampers under the box-seats, look forward to a summer holiday in the fields or woods as the greatest of treats. No matter whether the grass be parched by a blazing sun, whether the roads be dusty, or the air hot, the joy of the holiday and its benefit as a promoter of health come from the animation of the proceedings, from the novel sights and sounds which strike the young people's senses, in fact from the complete, refreshing change.

Seeing, indeed, how important a factor is change in the enjoyment of a school-treat, one may ask whether something might not be done for the summer recreation of children who habitually live in the country? What fields and cows, farms and hay-ricks are to the child bred in towns, a city street, with all its roar and wonders, is to the little rustic. The town child goes to the country for pure air and exercise; the small clod-hopper, who enjoys these blessings all the year round, might well be taken into cities for the enlivening and enlarging of his mind. Country clergymen, farmers, cottagers, who are always so happy to assist in entertaining town children coming into their districts, whether for a day's outing only or for a sojourn extending over several days, might well claim a return of such hospitalities in favour of little village excursionists. When summer holidays have commenced, every city has a number of empty schools, some of which, by friendly arrangement, could be made available for the reception of country children. If committees were once formed for the organisation of such excursions on the cheapest plan possible, it can hardly be doubted that many kind-hearted schoolmasters would come forward, and place dormitories and dining-rooms at their disposal. Why should not the authorities of our great public schools set the example by receiving during a portion at least of the summer holidays boys and girls from far-away places—not exclusively the children of farmers or cottagers—but any kind of young people joining in large holiday parties?

For some years past the system of holiday excursions has been largely developed in Continental countries through the co-operation of Ministers of Public Instruction and the directors of public schools. No sooner have the Parisian *lycées* been cleared of their regular boarders in August, than they begin to receive flying contingents of boys from the country or from provincial towns, who are thus enabled to spend a week or two in the capital at a very small cost beyond that of their railway fares. Their food generally costs nothing, being given free in exchange for a like entertainment provided for Parisian schoolboys visiting country towns. Last year, for instance, Government arranged for the board and lodging of a great many Parisian boys in the schools of Havre, Cherbourg, Brest, and some other seaside places on the Norman and Breton coasts, while boys from these places and rural districts were garrisoned in some of the *lycées* at Paris and Versailles. The same thing is done in Belgium on a more complete scale, the country being more compact and the State ownership of railways enabling the Government to issue free passes to school excursion parties. All through the summer the boys of the *athénées* in different towns exchange visits. One day those of Liège visit Namur, at another time those of Antwerp go to Ghent or Ostend. Sometimes the trips are made for the day only; occasionally they are made for several days, but the boys and girls (for the girls of State schools also go on holiday excursions) being always received in the public schools of the localities which they visit, get a great deal of amusement and valuable instruction at a very small cost to their parents. After a few years at an *athénée* a Belgian boy has generally visited all the principal cities and monuments of his country, learning lessons in natural history, archaeology, and geography under the most agreeable conditions.

What is done abroad by State management would have to be effected in England by private enterprise, with the good-natured assistance of local authorities. But perhaps it only requires that the movement should once begin, and it might then extend rapidly, and with the happiest results. What delightful excursions might not boys from the North make to Eton or Winchester during August, whilst others coming up to London for a week's round of sight-seeing could find temporary homes, say at Westminster School, or Christ's Hospital. No doubt a first proposal to the authorities of our schools to allow their buildings to be converted into juvenile hostels during part of the summer holidays would be met by many objections; but schemes tending to really useful ends, and which commend themselves to the sympathies of the genial and benevolent, generally prevail, once the natural prejudice produced by their novelty has worn away. There would be nothing very outrageous after all in the sight of a party of well-behaved Aberdeen boys quartered in the Long Chamber at Eton, and dining in the College Hall after pleasant August rambles about Windsor and the Thames; nor would the gallantry of Westminster Queen's Scholars be offended if they heard that the cubicles in their Dormitory had been occupied during the Vacation by relays of happy school-girls from the shires. That in the future school co-operation will be applied in some way or other to the advancement of pleasure and learning combined by means of holiday excursions is scarcely to be doubted; nay, possibly a time will come when the old hospitable traditions of the University cities will be revived; and when the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge will take it in turns to become guest-houses during the Long Vacation for tourist students from foreign Universities. Would it be quite impossible to make arrangements by which foreign students, desirous of spending a few weeks in England, should exchange rooms with undergraduates who would like to pass a portion of the Long at Heidelberg, Zurich, or Seville?

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"A BIRTH SONG, and Other Poems," by William Freeland (Glasgow: James Maclehose), is probably the work of a very young man. There are signs of promise in such pieces as "The Prince" and "The Tragedy of the Nightingale," but almost all sadly lack polish, and the author seems to have a defective ear for rhyme; the attempt at a continuation of "Paradise Lost" shows no want of ambition, but it is rather of that kind which "overleaps itself." "Pelagius the Heretic" has not a story of sufficient interest for such lengthy treatment; neither is the blank verse in which it is written of the first order.

The admirers of Herr Wagner who are unable to study the original text may be glad of the assistance offered by "Der Ring des Nibelungen," translated into English by H. and F. Corder (Schott and Co.), which contains not only the three parts of the now famous trilogy, but the preliminary drama of "Das Rheingold." It appears to us that the translation is, in places, rather a free one.

"Day-breezes, and Other Poems," by E. W. Spawton (James Blackwood and Co.). The verses here gathered together (the author's second venture in this species of enterprise) do not belong to a very high order of poetry, but they possess three sterling merits. They are readable, musical, and thoroughly wholesome in tone. As is often the case, the longer and more ambitious poems seem to us the least interesting. Mr. Spawton is at his best in the shorter lyrics, some of which have a great deal of "go" in them, and he evidently writes from his heart about children, as when he apostrophises a certain "little May" as "thou fondling, kissing little puss!" And when he indites a swinging ballad, "Hurrah! hurrah for the iron road!" he writes on a subject concerning which he should know something, for rhyming is only the amusement of his leisure hours, his main business being, we are informed, that of a railway inspector.

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WE DO NOT KNOW ANY REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following testimonials are at once a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D. of Co. Meath, writes, "Having been troubled for ten years with Neuralgia I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston, writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of NEURALINE is perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous freedom from pain when most acute."—J. R. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL REWARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilruhr, Cardigan, S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a remedy for all Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermyn Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmham, East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair, for a permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. T., Trinity Church, Carlisle, writes, "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows:—"Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K. of Eversley Rectory, Winchester:—"The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline alay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and RESTLESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes, "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as follows:—"Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it. All sufferers from neuralgia at once obtain relief by the use of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated."

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an efficacious curative of the severest attacks, wherever situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 3, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERATION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION of NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent cure, while it invariably gives immediate relief to all sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use." From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed. As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be confidently relied on. "I have often proved the efficacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknowledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir James Matheson, says:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful lotion she had applied. The relief was instantaneous."

NEURALINE should always be used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar, Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James Matheson, of Stornaway, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe, are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is invaluable as a speedy and certain relief giver, and testimonials to its great excellence are continually being received from persons who have proved its efficacious qualities. "Your NEURALINE has successfully relieved a periodical pain in my head."—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross from D. C., 6, Lynton Road, St. James's Road, S.E. "Having suffered from a child, a period over twenty five years, from Neuralgia, the recommendation of a friend (who had previously been cured by it, I tried your NEURALINE. I was instantly cured by the first application, and have been free from the pain ever since."

The Speediest and most Reliable Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street, W., London. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in bottles, 1s., 1½d., 2s., 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s. Merchants, shippers, and the Trade supplied on the best terms with all Homoeopathic preparations.

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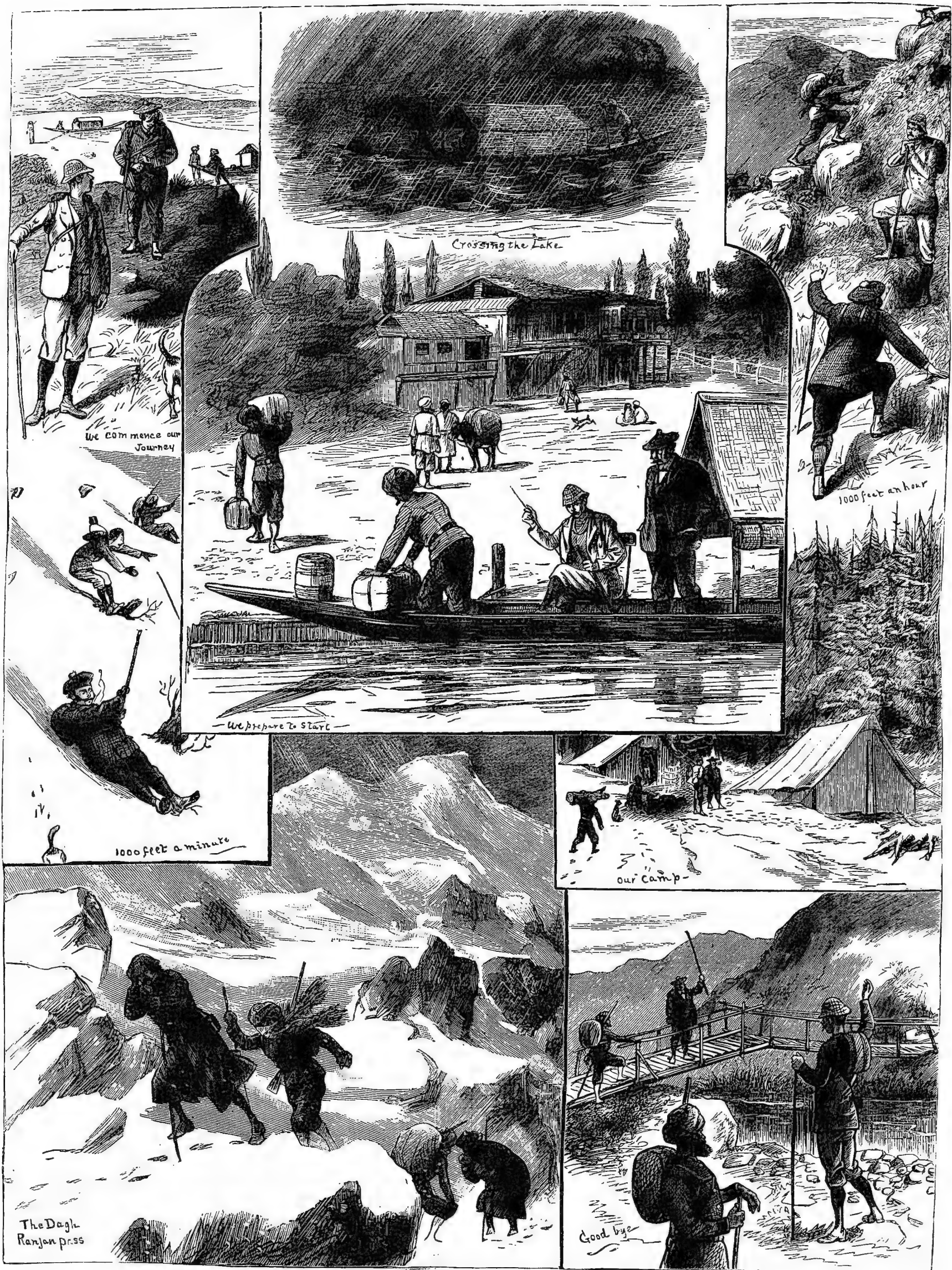
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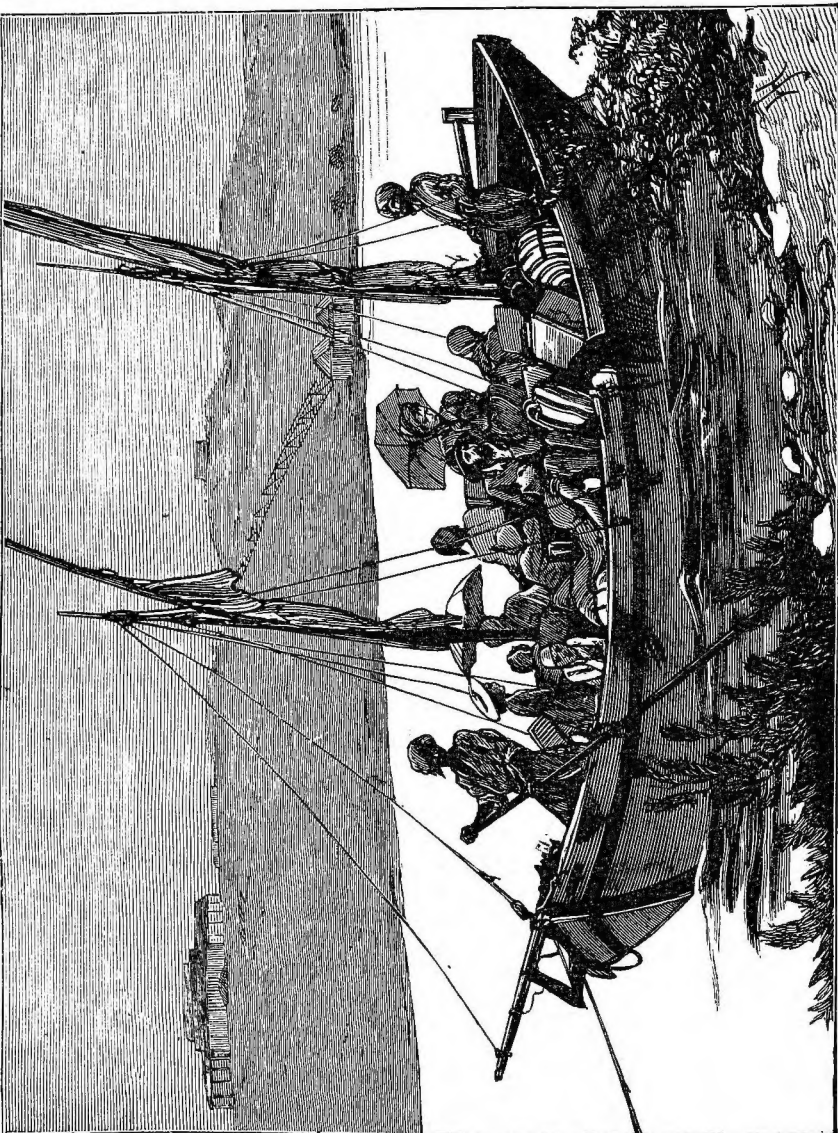
These Goods are quite perfect, and the styles and designs quite new. Patterns of this lot sent post free.

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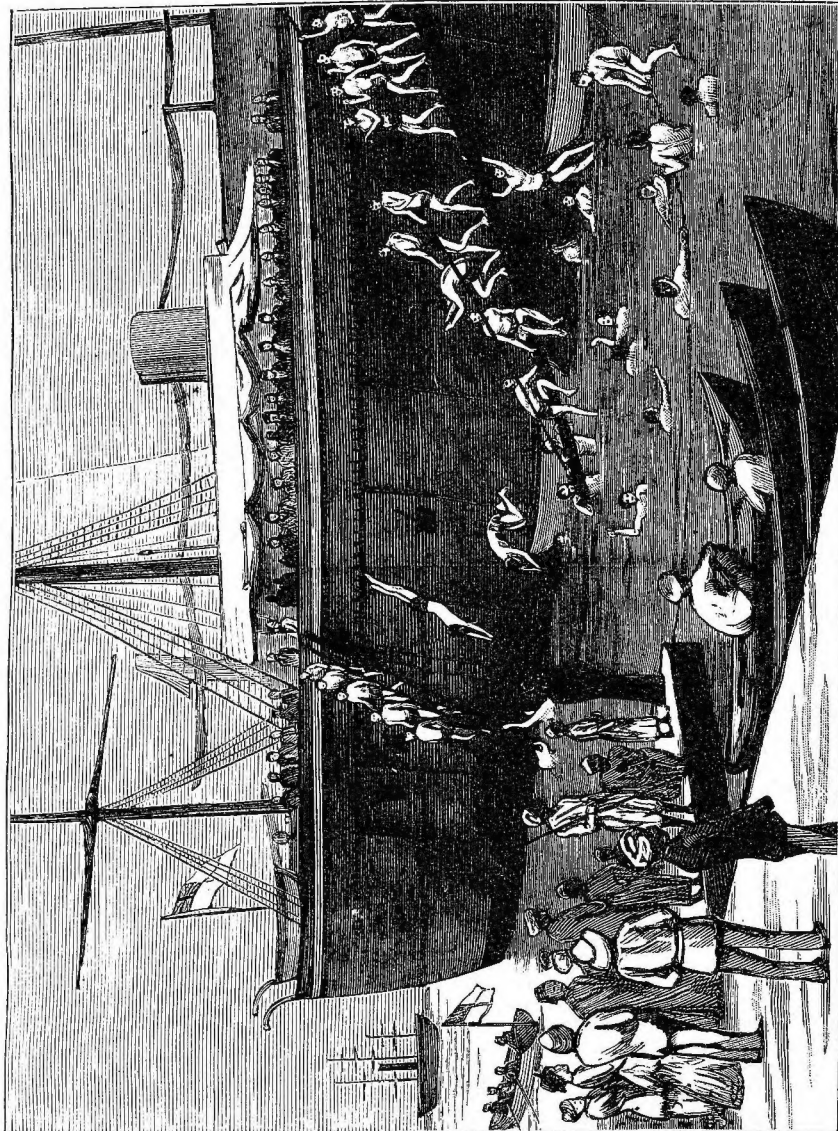
SPORT IN KASHMIR—ON THE WAY TO THE SHOOTING-GROUNDS



MALTESE AND ITALIAN FUGITIVES FROM CAIRO, NEAR ISMAILIA—A SKETCH TAKEN FROM THE S.S. "GLENEAGLES"

Senforth Highlanders

The Enemy's Position

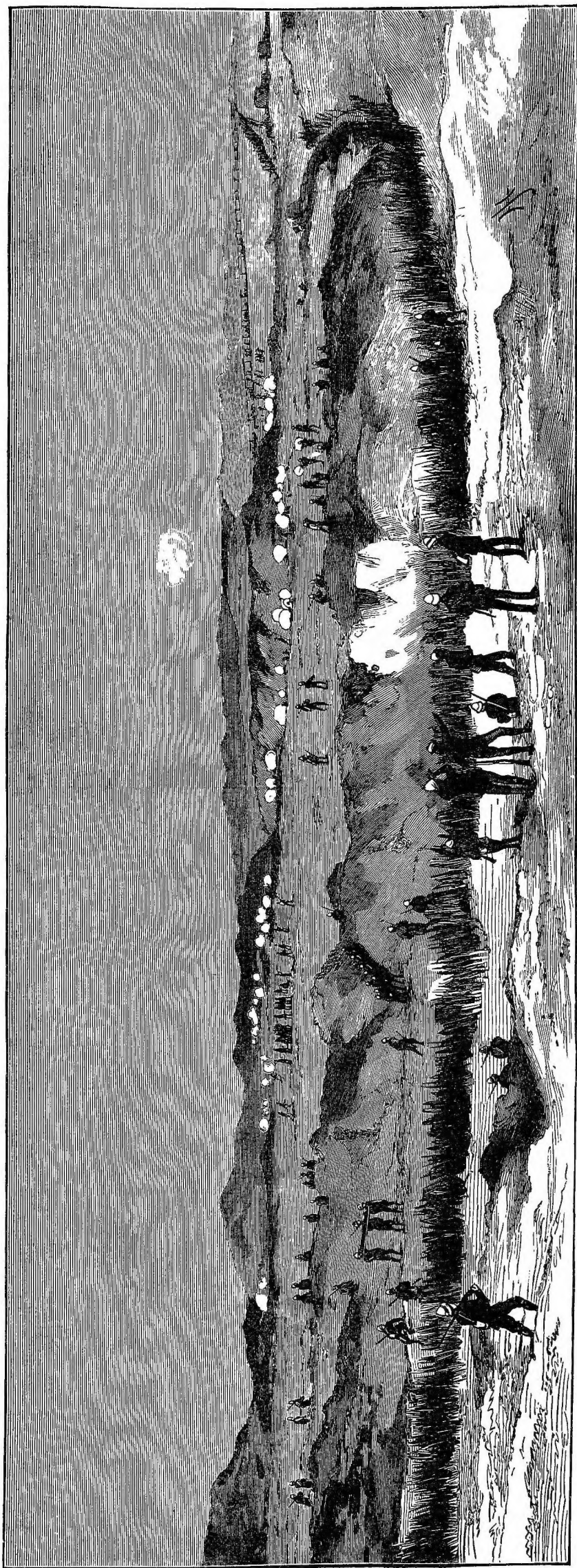


BLUE-JACKETS OF H.M.S. "MONARCH" BATHING AT PORT SAID

Shell from H.M.S. "Mosquito"

The Enemy Retreating Along the Railway

The Fresh-Water Canal



Fresh-Water Canal

Ambulance Stretcher

Blue Jackets Bringing Up a Gun

Our Special Artist

The Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent

THE ENGAGEMENT AT CHALOUF ON THE SUEZ CANAL, AUGUST 20

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON

Mr. Pratt who, though duly qualified to practise, had neglected to keep his name upon the register, has also been reminded by a summons before the court that the law in the interest of the public does not permit such oversights.

HOLIDAY-MAKING HOUSEHOLDERS should learn from the story of Mr. Herbert Spencer the wisdom of leaving some one to keep watch, lest in the absence of the rightful owner of the house, another enter in and dwell there. Mr. Spencer, it seems, finding an eligible villa residence thus unoccupied, incontinently forced an entrance, and lived there three or four days, by his own confession, "very comfortably." As this comfort, however, was largely due to frequent visits to the rightful owner's cellar and occasional pawing of his plate and his linen, Mr. Spencer is now in prison awaiting trial for his audacious enterprise.

THE INQUIRY instituted by the Board of Trade into the causes of the fatal collision between the yacht *Mayfly* and the *Valhalla* has been concluded. The chief mate of the *Valhalla*, to whose "wrongful act" the collision was clearly due, has had his certificate suspended for twelve months.

REFORMATORY DISCIPLINE is clearly not what it should be in all Reformatory institutions. Twelve lads are reported as having made their escape on Sunday night from the Wilts Reformatory for Boys at Warminster. Only a few days before another lad in the same establishment hanged himself. The runaways have since been recaptured by some farmers.

OUT OF 91,819 APPLICATIONS to fix fair rents under the Irish Land Act, 26,309 have already been disposed of, and 1,078 out of 1,509 applications to declare leases void. Of 3,000 appeals lodged under both these heads, 968 have been heard or withdrawn.

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT to resist capture, a burglar who was surprised while in the act of plundering the house of a Mrs. Reynolds at Stamford Hill, dangerously wounded a groom named Howe with a shot from his revolver. He was secured after a fierce struggle by two gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. Hazlewood, had his coat pierced with a bullet. On being taken to the station he gave the name of John Saunders. On his place of residence being searched, the proceeds of several burglaries were discovered.

GOLD CASKET TO BE PRESENTED BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO H.M. THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS

THIS casket, to hold the Address, is manufactured in 18-carat hall-marked gold of various colours, enriched with enamel. It is an architectural oblong, with columns at the corners, on which appear the Royal Crown and Initial. The City Arms in enamel, with the dragons in boldly embossed green gold, occupy a prominent position on the front, the spandrels being filled by the rose, shamrock, and thistle; the reverse, corresponding in details, has the inscription in effective enamels, and the lesser end panels contain views of the interior of Guildhall in painted enamel. A figure, representing the City of London, appears on the cover, surrounded by four Cupids at the corners, who support shields bearing the initials and coronets of the Duke and Duchess of Albany, while between are miniature portraits in enamel of the King, the Lord Mayor (Sir J. W. Ellis), the Mover of the Address (Mr. J. T. Bedford), and the Seconder (Alderman Lawrence, M.P.). The casket rests on a silver party-gilt plinth, decorated with floral panels with enamels suitable to the occasion. The portraits, which are most faithful likenesses, were painted by Madlle. Juliette Hebert, of Geneva. Her Majesty the Queen, to whom the casket was submitted, has expressed herself highly pleased with the design and execution. The cabinet was designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Benson.

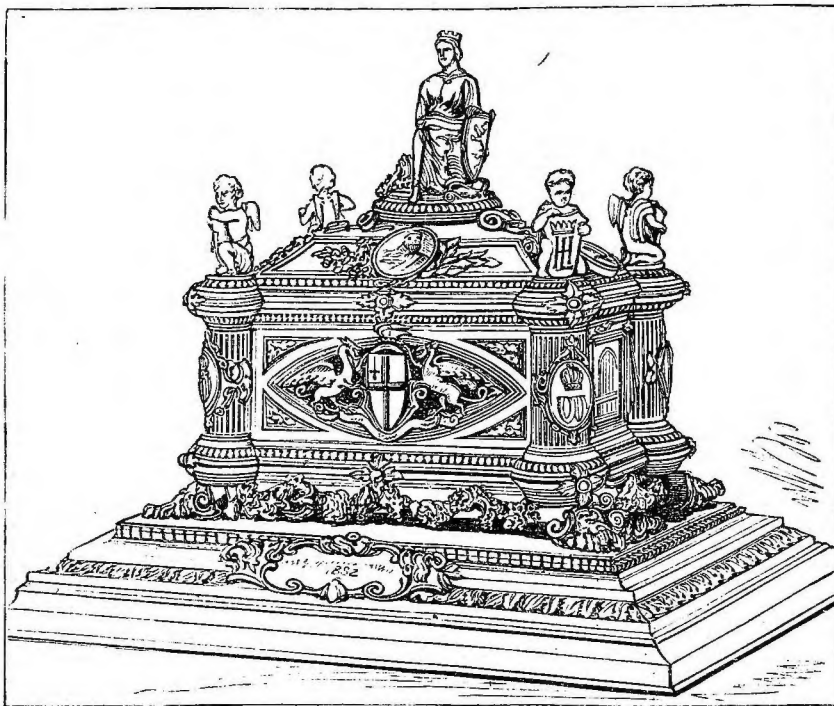
THEATRES

MR. ALBERY'S *Little Miss Muffet*, which proves to be identical with his piece called *The Mulberry Bush*, produced at Brighton some months ago, was brought out at the CRITERION Theatre on Saturday evening with only a moderate degree of success. It is founded on a French farcical comedy called *La Femme à Papa*, and depends for its humour upon the same notion as that which supplied the motive of Alexandre Dumas's comedy *Le Père Prodiges*, and the late Mr. Charles Mathews's *My Awful Dad*. Here we find the ordinary relations of life reversed, since instead of a father who concerns himself with counteracting the follies of a scapegrace son, we have a son who is greatly exercised in bringing to reason a father who is unfortunately very far from having sown his wild oats. The notion is not altogether a pleasing one, and in the original play it is handled with a grossness which French audiences are somewhat prone to condone for the sake of wit, vivacity, and humorous invention. Mr. Albery has done much to soften down these objectionable features; but his efforts have not been entirely successful, while they tend to a certain vein of puerility which is not pleasing. His old Lothario, Sir Juan Trippeton, belongs of course not to real life, but to the life of farcical plays; but he is scarcely a conceivable personage. Mr. Albery, like Mr. Burnand in one of his recent and least happy adaptations, has not been able to find any better equivalent for the humours of a civil wedding at the Mairie than the formalities of a marriage before a registrar, which is a thing not very familiar in England, and hence, as well as for other reasons, seems necessarily strained and unreal. The complications, however, of the ceremony in which the son by accident becomes married to the lady who was to have married the father, are droll in themselves, and awaken much laughter. The performance suffers from the absence of Charles Wyndham, who, as he announced in a lively valedictory address at the close of the performance, is about to depart for the United States. Among the most noteworthy features in the acting is the performance of the part of "Little Miss Muffet" by that eminently pleasing and vivacious actress, Miss Rorke. The great fault of the piece is the apparent lack of design—the purposeless aim of many of the details. Though it will not have the advantage of Mr. Wyndham's services, it enlists nearly all the best performers in the company, including Mr. Herbert Standing, Miss Nellie Bromley, Mr. Giddens, Mr. Maltby, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Lytton Sothorn.

Mr. Irving is the spoilt child of the public. Whether his summer holiday has been long or short, there is certain to be a full and enthusiastic audience to greet him on his return. Whether his bill presents novelty, or is merely the same bill with which he brought his last season to a close, his admirers are not less ready to applaud his efforts. Last Saturday evening, when, after a vacation of five weeks only, he presented himself once more on the stage of

the LYCEUM, with Miss Ellen Terry and the rest of his company, in *Romeo and Juliet*, nothing could have been more cordial than the greeting which awaited him from all parts of the crowded theatre. The occasion, as the play bill reminded us, marked the commencement of his fifth season of management, counting from the period when on the retirement of the late Mrs. Bateman the Lyceum finally passed into his hands. Since then, in spite of one or two ill-starred ventures, his fame has steadily increased, until it has reached a pitch which seems to be secure against the influences of adverse criticism. His impersonation of Romeo has not been received with unanimous approval, and it is regarded even by some of his warmest friends as to be admired rather as a skilful *tour de force* than as a legitimate success within the just limits of his means; but it may at least be said that no other actor aspiring to play the part could attract to himself so much notice or excite so great an interest as he has been able to do. Of the merits and shortcomings of Miss Ellen Terry's Juliet the world has already heard enough. On Saturday evening there was assuredly no token of abatement in the sympathy of the spectators; and the singular beauty and completeness of the scenery and other accessories, not forgetting the admirable stage management, contributes once more to secure the triumph of a revival which is destined to fill a conspicuous place in the annals of the modern stage. Mr. Irving made no speech, though one seemed to be expected—we know not why, since it has been customary, we believe, with him to address the audience rather on the closing than on the opening night of a season. *Much Ado About Nothing* is stated to be "in preparation"—Mr. Irving as already announced being about to play Benedick to the Beatrice of Miss Terry; but in view of the continued popularity of *Romeo and Juliet* there seems to be no immediate prospect of the withdrawal of the latter play.

The *Vicar of Bray*, withdrawn some time since at the GLOBE Theatre, has been taken in hand by author and composer with a view to certain modifications, which it was hoped would tend to render it popular. In this improved state it was reproduced on Saturday evening with a certain degree of success. Mr. Grundy has introduced an amusing and not ill-natured skit upon the "Church and Stage Guild;" and has enabled Mr. W. J. Hill, in the character of the Vicar, to figure at a ballet rehearsal with the humorous results which may be anticipated. This interpolated incident arouses much laughter. There are some changes in the cast since the former performance which are not wholly advantageous. Mr. Penley's quaint extravagance, for example, in the character of the Curate, is not so well in keeping with the part as the serious manner of Mr. Fisher. The singing of the chorus by the party of children is a pretty incident in the piece. Altogether this musical



absurdity is cleverly played, and is capable of affording much entertainment to those who are in the mood for extravagances of this kind.

Mr. Hollingshead, who defies "augury," and is not to be influenced by popular superstitions regarding "unlucky days," has determined to produce the new burlesque drama of *Robin Hood*, at the GAIETY, on Friday next. The new piece, which is in three acts, is from the pen of Mr. Robert Reece.

The walls of London have been placarded this week with an advertisement, asking any persons who witnessed the accident to one of the audience at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre to give their addresses. We believe the bill refers to a wound in the head received by a spectator in the stalls during the firing of guns and pistols in the recent performance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In view of the success of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's *Les Rantzau* at the THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, family feuds seem likely to become a popular theme with French playwrights. MM. Busnach and Jamic have already written a drama called *Les Haines de Famille*, which will shortly be produced at the AMBIGU, with Paul Deshayes, Merrier, and Madame Marie Laurent—that portentous representative of gloomy heroines of melodrama—in leading parts.

Miss Amy Roselle was, we regret to say, taken seriously ill the other night, while performing the part of the heroine in *Drink*, at the ADELPHI. Fortunately Miss Blanche Henri, who had studied the part, happened to be among the spectators, and, at the request of the management, undertook to fill Miss Roselle's place with scarcely any perceptible delay. Thus the audience witnessed the curious sight of one heroine represented by two actresses on the same evening.

The new and amicable relations between the Church and the Theatre would seem to be progressing at a marvellously rapid rate. Last Sunday the Rev. S. D. Headlam delivered a lecture on Mr. Charles Reade's adaptation called *Drink* at the Adelphi. Though rather full of strong excitements the tendencies of this play are certainly of a moral kind, and so it may be said to deserve clerical patronage.

A son of Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American actor, is stated to have taken to the stage. He has joined the company of his uncle Mr. Edwin Booth.

The announcement that Mr. Byron has written a new comedy for the VAUDEVILLE may, we trust, be regarded as a token of improved health. This popular dramatist has for some time been suffering from indisposition to a degree which has caused considerable anxiety to his friends.

There is to be no pantomime at COVENT GARDEN next winter. Mr. Gye and Mr. Augustus Harris are so far agreed. On the other

hand DRURY LANE is not on any account to be let next summer for Italian opera. This convention seems to have been based on the principle of "live and let live," with a view, however, rather to the convenience of managers than to the interests of the public. Drury Lane pantomime is apt to be overcrowded even when Covent Garden provides an alternative. Next winter the supply of pantomime appears likely to be artificially restricted, to the great grief of the little folk; but perhaps some other houses will take the hint, and profit by the opportunity.

Last Tuesday night the PHILHARMONIC Theatre, Islington, was totally destroyed by fire, which broke out soon after the audience had left the theatre. The cause of the fire is unknown.



THE ENGLISH WHEAT YIELD is considered in the September number of *The Miller*, and after a review of each county's harvest the total of the United Kingdom is put at 11,600,000 qrs. This is a fair average crop on the year's acreage. The county of Lincoln is estimated as having a crop of 1,040,000 qrs., being considerably more than the aggregate wheat yield of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The relative importance of the different wheat-growing districts of the United Kingdom is seldom borne in mind. The eight Eastern counties of Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Hertford, and Bedford, produce considerably more wheat than all the country south of the Thames, and all the country west of the Severn and the Wye. Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex alone grow as much wheat as Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devon, and Cornwall, while Yorkshire grows three times more wheat than Scotland.

NEW CORN.—The wheat growers in early districts appear inclined to market whatever is available, believing better prices than the present are not likely to be obtained, whilst they may easily be worse. From 42s. to 47s. per qr. is the price now generally ruling. Oats are threshing out well, 6½ to 7 qrs. per acre, with very sweet and bright straw. Barley in many districts is quite an average, but good malting samples are scarce—at all events as yet. From 35s. to 42s. per qr. are the prices asked for the better samples. From these terms there is a sheer fall to 21s. to 22s., which really poor feeding barley is alone worth. Peas and beans are a heavy crop in mid-England. The latter have plenty of straw, some of the stalks exceeding seven feet in height. The straw of wheat is usually of good length this season. New American wheat is now arriving in large quantities, and gives fair satisfaction to millers.

FARMERS' INVESTMENTS are watched with anxiety by reason of the index they afford to the extent of agricultural depression. Now his flocks and herds are the farmer's most valuable investments, and their material diminution from a year ago has naturally attracted notice. Liver-rot and foreign purchases have been put forward as reasons for their diminution, but a far wider reason will be found in the poverty of farmers, and the inability of thousands to do more than about half stock their land. Store animals badly wanted on farms have often been sold off to pay rent and taxes, and now animals are realising such high prices that farmers have great difficulty in adding to their flocks and herds. In connection with this matter of the agricultural returns it may be asked whether two-year-old beef and one-year-old mutton is not too largely provided, and whether in the case of both cattle and sheep, an extra year on the farm would not prove in the end the best policy? The point at all events is worth considering.

SAFE HARVESTING.—In a part of Lancashire which we visited a few days ago the shocks of corn were so well set and trimmed and capped, that neither the straw nor the corn suffered from the showery weather. Safe harvesting is an important element in the value of a crop, for the damage from rain and sprouting, from the absence of drying winds, from handling and shedding, from the damp state of the grain, and from unthatched stacks getting sodden from the top, is oftentimes enough to make all the difference between the year's harvest proving to have been grown at a profit or cultivated at a loss. The practice of capping the shocks is one that cannot be too strongly recommended.

HARVEST THANKSGIVINGS are already beginning to be held, and in a fortnight will be general. Now we have already two days in the year, a Saturday and a Sunday, when special collections are made for hospitals. Is it too much to suggest a general unity of purpose with regard to the collections invariable at harvest thanksgivings? The claims of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution can never be urged more forcibly than on this occasion, and such claims will need many collections to satisfy them. As we are writing we have before us a list of four hundred applicants for the aid of this body. All these applicants are *bona fide* agriculturists or farmers' families whose distress is locally known. Nine thousand pounds, in addition to present annual revenue, would place the Institution beyond the painful necessity of sending this four hundred "empty away."

HORSES AND CATTLE.—Not only is America a great buyer of Herefords and Scotch cattle, but Clydesdale horses seem to be now in great demand. A vessel has just left with nearly 200 horses, and American buyers are still active. On the other hand we hear that the English Government are buying large numbers of mules in the United States.

ILSLEY GREAT FAIR well merits a few lines to itself. Here the other day over sixty thousand sheep were penned, and most of them found buyers at very high figures. Ewes and wethers in good condition made from 55s. to 65s. per head, and the activity of business was remarkable. With beef plentiful and mutton dear, there are more farmers seeking to buy sheep than owners wishing to sell.

FAIRS AND SHOWS.—Romney Sheep Fair has just been held, but the show of 11,500 head was a serious reduction on the usual exhibition of a score of thousands or more. Trade ruled very brisk, and prices were exceptionally high. Old ewes realised about three pounds, and good lambs fetched 36s. a head. All were sold, and "the men of the marsh" had a good day of it.—The Cheshire Agricultural Show at Nantwich has been marked by a falling-off in the number of exhibitors, though a very high standard of quality was to be recorded as a set-off.—The Staffordshire Agricultural Society have definitely abandoned the idea of holding a show this year, owing to the local prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Hops do not promise any better now than at the end of August. Picking has commenced; but it will be a dreary affair this year. Farmers in Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Surrey, Sussex, and West Kent have but one tale to tell. In East Kent matters are a little better; but the present year will certainly be remembered for one of the worst hop crops ever known.—The show of single dahlias in Hyde Park should not be missed. The single dahlia is steadily regaining the favour which it should never have lost.—Both in England and America this has been a bad year for bees. The honey yielded in England this year is probably not more than one-half of what it was in 1881.—The new stack-driving fans continue to be put into successful use, though now and again we hear of failures through the employment of too small a fan for the stack to be cooled.

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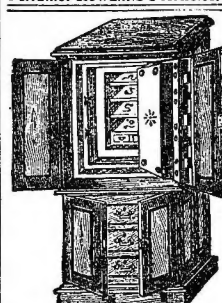


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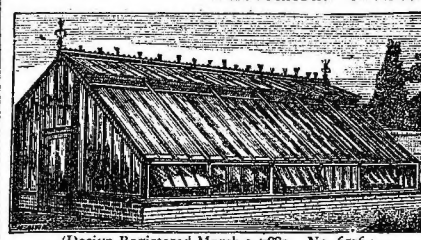
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Class 30, 72s. 6d. Class 31, 74s. 6d. Class 32, 76s. 6d. Class 33, 78s. 6d. Class 34, 80s. 6d. Class 35, 82s. 6d. Class 36, 84s. 6d. Class 37, 86s. 6d. Class 38, 88s. 6d. Class 39, 90s. 6d. Class 40, 92s. 6d. Class 41, 94s. 6d. Class 42, 96s. 6d. Class 43, 98s. 6d. Class 44, 100s. 6d. Class 45, 102s. 6d. Class 46, 104s. 6d. Class 47, 106s. 6d. Class 48, 108s. 6d. Class 49, 110s. 6d. Class 50, 112s. 6d. Class 51, 114s. 6d. Class 52, 116s. 6d. Class 53, 118s. 6d. Class 54, 120s. 6d. Class 55, 122s. 6d. Class 56, 124s. 6d. Class 57, 126s. 6d. Class 58, 128s. 6d. Class 59, 130s. 6d. Class 60, 132s. 6d. Class 61, 134s. 6d. Class 62, 136s. 6d. Class 63, 138s. 6d. Class 64, 140s. 6d. Class 65, 142s. 6d. Class 66, 144s. 6d. Class 67, 146s. 6d. Class 68, 148s. 6d. Class 69, 150s. 6d. Class 70, 152s. 6d. Class 71, 154s. 6d. Class 72, 156s. 6d. Class 73, 158s. 6d. Class 74, 160s. 6d. Class 75, 162s. 6d. Class 76, 164s. 6d. Class 77, 166s. 6d. Class 78, 168s. 6d. Class 79, 170s. 6d. Class 80, 172s. 6d. Class 81, 174s. 6d. Class 82, 176s. 6d. Class 83, 178s. 6d. Class 84, 180s. 6d. Class 85, 182s. 6d. Class 86, 184s. 6d. Class 87, 186s. 6d. Class 88, 188s. 6d. Class 89, 190s. 6d. Class 90, 192s. 6d. Class 91, 194s. 6d. Class 92, 196s. 6d. Class 93, 198s. 6d. Class 94, 200s. 6d. Class 95, 202s. 6d. Class 96, 204s. 6d. Class 97, 206s. 6d. Class 98, 208s. 6d. Class 99, 210s. 6d. Class 100, 212s. 6d. Class 101, 214s. 6d. Class 102, 216s. 6d. Class 103, 218s. 6d. Class 104, 220s. 6d. Class 105, 222s. 6d. Class 106, 224s. 6d. Class 107, 226s. 6d. Class 108, 228s. 6d. Class 109, 230s. 6d. Class 110, 232s. 6d. Class 111, 234s. 6d. Class 112, 236s. 6d. Class 113, 238s. 6d. Class 114, 240s. 6d. Class 115, 242s. 6d. Class 116, 244s. 6d. Class 117, 246s. 6d. Class 118, 248s. 6d. Class 119, 250s. 6d. Class 120, 252s. 6d. Class 121, 254s. 6d. Class 122, 256s. 6d. Class 123, 258s. 6d. Class 124, 260s. 6d. Class 125, 262s. 6d. Class 126, 264s. 6d. Class 127, 266s. 6d. Class 128, 268s. 6d. Class 129, 270s. 6d. Class 130, 272s. 6d. Class 131, 274s. 6d. Class 132, 276s. 6d. Class 133, 278s. 6d. Class 134, 280s. 6d. Class 135, 282s. 6d. Class 136, 284s. 6d. Class 137, 286s. 6d. Class 138, 288s. 6d. Class 139, 290s. 6d. Class 140, 292s. 6d. Class 141, 294s. 6d. Class 142, 296s. 6d. Class 143, 298s. 6d. Class 144, 300s. 6d. Class 145, 302s. 6d. Class 146, 304s. 6d. Class 147, 306s. 6d. Class 148, 308s. 6d. Class 149, 310s. 6d. Class 150, 312s. 6d. Class 151, 314s. 6d. Class 152, 316s. 6d. Class 153, 318s. 6d. Class 154, 320s. 6d. Class 155, 322s. 6d. Class 156, 324s. 6d. Class 157, 326s. 6d. Class 158, 328s. 6d. Class 159, 330s. 6d. Class 160, 332s. 6d. Class 161, 334s. 6d. Class 162, 336s. 6d. Class 163, 338s. 6d. Class 164, 340s. 6d. Class 165, 342s. 6d. Class 166, 344s. 6d. Class 167, 346s. 6d. Class 168, 348s. 6d. Class 169, 350s. 6d. Class 170, 352s. 6d. Class 171, 354s. 6d. Class 172, 356s. 6d. Class 173, 358s. 6d. Class 174, 360s. 6d. Class 175, 362s. 6d. Class 176, 364s. 6d. Class 177, 366s. 6d. Class 178, 368s. 6d. Class 179, 370s. 6d. Class 180, 372s. 6d. Class 181, 374s. 6d. Class 182, 376s. 6d. Class 183, 378s. 6d. Class 184, 380s. 6d. Class 185, 382s. 6d. Class 186, 384s. 6d. Class 187, 386s. 6d. Class 188, 388s. 6d. Class 189, 390s. 6d. Class 190, 392s. 6d. Class 191, 394s. 6d. Class 192, 396s. 6d. Class 193, 398s. 6d. Class 194, 400s. 6d. Class 195, 402s. 6d. Class 196, 404s. 6d. Class 197, 406s. 6d. Class 198, 408s. 6d. Class 199, 410s. 6d. Class 200, 412s. 6d. Class 201, 414s. 6d. Class 202, 416s. 6d. Class 203, 418s. 6d. Class 204, 420s. 6d. Class 205, 422s. 6d. Class 206, 424s. 6d. Class 207, 426s. 6d. Class 208, 428s. 6d. Class 209, 430s. 6d. Class 210, 432s. 6d. Class 211, 434s. 6d. Class 212, 436s. 6d. Class 213, 438s. 6d. Class 214, 440s. 6d. Class 215, 442s. 6d. Class 216, 444s. 6d. Class 217, 446s. 6d. Class 218, 448s. 6d. Class 219, 450s. 6d. Class 220, 452s. 6d. Class 221, 454s. 6d. Class 222, 456s. 6d. Class 223, 458s. 6d. Class 224, 460s. 6d. Class 225, 462s. 6d. Class 226, 464s. 6d. Class 227, 466s. 6d. Class 228, 468s. 6d. Class 229, 470s. 6d. Class 230, 472s. 6d. Class 231, 474s. 6d. Class 232, 476s. 6d. Class 233, 478s. 6d. Class 234, 480s. 6d. Class 235, 482s. 6d. Class 236, 484s. 6d. Class 237, 486s. 6d. Class 238, 488s. 6d. Class 239, 490s. 6d. Class 240, 492s. 6d. Class 241, 494s. 6d. Class 242, 496s. 6d. Class 243, 498s. 6d. Class 244, 500s. 6d. Class 245, 502s. 6d. Class 246, 504s. 6d. Class 247, 506s. 6d. Class 248, 508s. 6d. Class 249, 510s. 6d. Class 250, 512s. 6d. Class 251, 514s. 6d. Class 252, 516s. 6d. Class 253, 518s. 6d. Class 254, 520s. 6d. Class 255, 522s. 6d. Class 256, 524s. 6d. Class 257, 526s. 6d. Class 258, 528s. 6d. Class 259, 530s. 6d. Class 260, 532s. 6d. Class 261, 534s. 6d. Class 262, 536s. 6d. Class 263, 538s. 6d. Class 264, 540s. 6d. Class 265, 542s. 6d. Class 266, 544s. 6d. Class 267, 546s. 6d. Class 268, 548s. 6d. Class 269, 550s. 6d. Class 270, 552s. 6d. Class 271, 554s. 6d. Class 272, 556s. 6d. Class 273, 558s. 6d. Class 274, 560s. 6d. Class 275, 562s. 6d. Class 276, 564s. 6d. Class 277, 566s. 6d. Class 278, 568s. 6d. Class 279, 570s. 6d. Class 280, 572s. 6d. Class 281, 574s. 6d. Class 282, 576s. 6d. Class 283, 578s. 6d. Class 284, 580s. 6d. Class 285, 582s. 6d. Class 286, 584s. 6d. Class 287, 586s. 6d. Class 288, 588s. 6d. Class 289, 590s. 6d. Class 290, 592s. 6d. Class 291, 594s. 6d. Class 292, 596s. 6d. Class 293, 598s. 6d. Class 294, 600s. 6d. Class 295, 602s. 6d. Class 296, 604s. 6d. Class 297, 606s. 6d. Class 298, 608s. 6d. Class 299, 610s. 6d. Class 300, 612s. 6d. Class 301, 614s. 6d. Class 302, 616s. 6d. Class 303, 618s. 6d. Class 304, 620s. 6d. Class 305, 622s. 6d. Class 306, 624s. 6d. Class 307, 626s. 6d. Class 308, 628s. 6d. Class 309, 630s. 6d. Class 310, 632s. 6d. Class 311, 634s. 6d. Class 312, 636s. 6d. Class 313, 638s. 6d. Class 314, 640s. 6d. Class 315, 642s. 6d. Class 316, 644s. 6d. Class 317, 646s. 6d. Class 318, 648s. 6d. Class 319, 650s. 6d. Class 320, 652s. 6d. Class 321, 654s. 6d. Class 322, 656s. 6d. Class 323, 658s. 6d. Class 324, 660s. 6d. Class 325, 662s. 6d. Class 326, 664s. 6d. Class 327, 666s. 6d. Class 328, 668s. 6d. Class 329, 670s. 6d. Class 330, 672s. 6d. Class 331, 674s. 6d. Class 332, 676s. 6d. Class 333, 678s. 6d. Class 334, 680s. 6d. Class 335, 682s. 6d. Class 336, 684s. 6d. Class 337, 686s. 6d. Class 338, 688s. 6d. Class 339, 690s. 6d. Class 340, 692s. 6d. Class 341, 694s. 6d. Class 342, 696s. 6d. Class 343, 698s. 6d. Class 344, 700s. 6d. Class 345, 702s. 6d. Class 346, 704s. 6d. Class 347, 706s. 6d. Class 348, 708s. 6d. Class 349, 710s. 6d. Class 350, 712s. 6d. Class 351, 714s. 6d. Class 352, 716s. 6d. Class 353, 718s. 6d. Class 354, 720s. 6d. Class 355, 722s. 6d. Class 356, 724s. 6d. Class 357, 726s. 6d. Class 358, 728s. 6d. Class 359, 730s. 6d. Class 360, 732s. 6d. Class 361, 734s. 6d. Class 362, 736s. 6d. Class 363, 738s. 6d. Class 364, 740s. 6d. Class 365, 742s. 6d. Class 366, 744s. 6d. Class 367, 746s. 6d. Class 368, 748s. 6d. Class 369, 750s. 6d. Class 370, 752s. 6d. Class 371, 754s. 6d. Class 372, 756s. 6d. Class 373, 758s. 6d. Class 374, 760s. 6d. Class 375, 762s. 6d. Class 376, 764s. 6d. Class 377, 766s. 6d. Class 378, 768s. 6d. Class 379, 770s. 6d. Class 380, 772s. 6d. Class 381, 774s. 6d. Class 382, 776s. 6d. Class 383, 778s. 6d. Class 384, 780s. 6d. Class 385, 782s. 6d. Class 386, 784s. 6d. Class 387, 786s. 6d. Class 388, 788s. 6d. Class 389, 790s. 6d. Class 390, 792s. 6d. Class 391, 794s. 6d. Class 392, 796s. 6d. Class 393, 798s. 6d. Class 394, 800s. 6d. Class 395, 802s. 6d. Class 396, 804s. 6d. Class 397, 806s. 6d. Class 398, 808s. 6d. Class 399, 810s. 6d. Class 400, 812s. 6d. Class 401, 814s. 6d. Class 402, 816s. 6d. Class 403, 818s. 6d. Class 404, 820s. 6d. Class 405, 822s. 6d. Class 406, 824s. 6d. Class 407, 826s. 6d. Class 408, 828s. 6d. Class 409, 830s. 6d. 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Class 457, 926s. 6d. Class 458, 928s. 6d. Class 459, 930s. 6d. Class 460, 932s. 6d. Class 461, 934s. 6d. Class 462, 936s. 6d. Class 463, 938s. 6d. Class 464, 940s. 6d. Class 465, 942s. 6d. Class 466, 944s. 6d. Class 467, 946s. 6d. Class 468, 948s. 6d. Class 469, 950s. 6d. Class 470, 952s. 6d. Class 471, 954s. 6d. Class 472, 956s. 6d. Class 473, 958s. 6d. Class 474, 960s. 6d. Class 475, 962s. 6d. Class 476, 964s. 6d. Class 477, 966s. 6d. Class 478, 968s. 6d. Class 479, 970s. 6d. Class 480, 972s. 6d. Class 481, 974s. 6d. Class 482, 976s. 6d. Class 483, 978s. 6d. Class 484, 980s. 6d. Class 485, 982s. 6d. Class 486, 984s. 6d. Class 487, 986s. 6d. Class 488, 988s. 6d. Class 489, 990s. 6d. Class 490, 992s. 6d. Class 491, 994s. 6d. Class 492, 996s. 6d. Class 493, 998s. 6d. Class 494, 1000s. 6d. Class 495, 1002s. 6d. Class 496, 1004s. 6d. Class 497, 1006s. 6d. Class 498, 1008s. 6d. Class 499, 1010s. 6d. Class 500, 1012s. 6d. Class 501, 1014s. 6d. Class 502, 1016s. 6d. Class 503, 1018s. 6d. Class 504, 1020s. 6d. Class 505, 1022s. 6d. Class 506, 1024s. 6d. Class 507, 1026s. 6d. Class 508, 1028s. 6d. Class 509, 1030s. 6d. Class 510, 1032s. 6d. Class 511, 1034s. 6d. Class 512, 1036s. 6d. Class 513, 1038s. 6d. Class 514, 1040s. 6d. Class 515, 1042s. 6d. Class 516, 1044s. 6d. Class 517, 1046s. 6d. Class 518, 1048s. 6d. Class 519, 1050s. 6d. Class 520, 1052s. 6d. Class 521, 1054s. 6d. Class 522, 1056s. 6d. Class 523, 1058s. 6d. Class 524, 1060s. 6d. Class 525, 1062s. 6d. Class 526, 1064s. 6d. Class 527, 1066s. 6d. Class